

THE
Juvenile Instructor

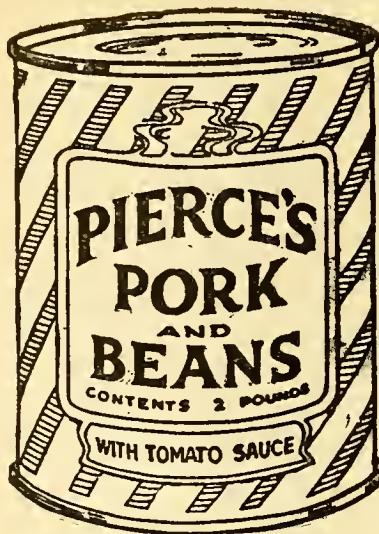
VOL. 58

APRIL, 1923

NO. 4



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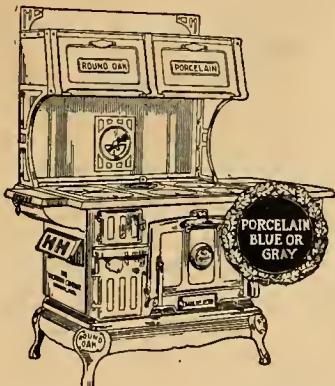
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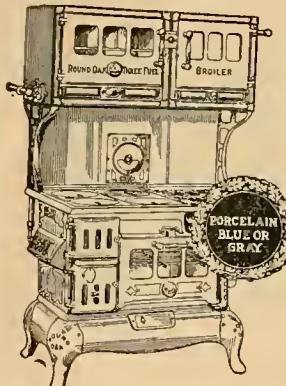


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Eastertide

By Ethel H. Lillywhite

'Tis Eastertide, oh joyous thought!
The day with glory rife,
When Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
Came forth from death to life.

'Twas then the bands of death were loosed,
Gained victory o'er the grave,
To bring to pass this glorious time—
His life our Savior gave.

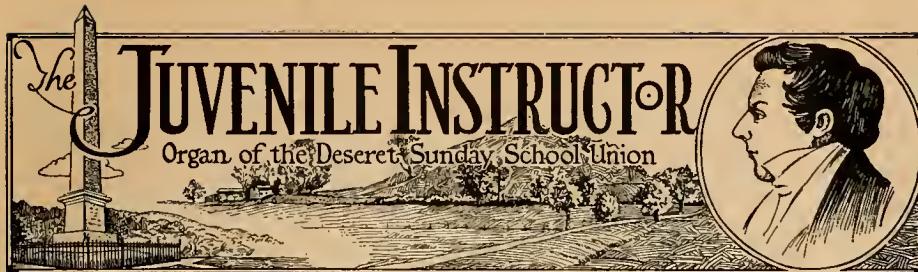
All nature sings with joy His praise
And Eastertide so bright
Proclaims the resurrection day
Dispelling gloom and night.

Then let us all on Easter day
Our tribute humbly pay
To God the Father and the Son—
Their praises sing alway.

For God the Father willingly
His precious Son did give,
That exaltation we might gain,
And in His presence live.



THE SAVIOR, AFTER HIS RESURRECTION, SENDING OUT HIS APOSTLES
By Raffaello Sanzio (Raphael of Urbino)—1483-1520



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The Brother of Helam

By "Mormona"

CHAPTER X—THE WILDERNESS

There was no holiday spirit among the crowd through which Giddonah and the king's guards led their prisoners to be judged. These were the same people who had gathered to witness the execution of Abinadi. Yet there was not one who had not changed greatly since that memorable day. Nor was there one now who did not look upon Abinadi as a martyred prophet of God. Too literally had his dark prophecies been fulfilled to leave any doubt of that in their minds.

Yet this crowd seemed even less pleasant than had the one through which he had forced his way on that occasion to Giddonah. They made way for him now without any forcing, but the light in their eyes as they thought of the crimes of the priests of Noah was not a pleasant thing to look upon. Giddonah found himself pitying these prisoners who were to face that light and its consequences. He himself stared curiously at the tall leader when Limhi addressed him as Amulon and asked him what he had to say in excuse for his crimes. There was no doubt in Giddonah's mind that this was Amulon. Though the hair was longer and had more gray mixed in it, the face and form were leaner and showed the hardening which would result from life in the

forest, and the face was bearded so that only the finely formed nose and gleaming dark eyes and high, sunburned forehead could be seen. Even the unyielding dignity reminded him that Amulon had never bowed before an accusation but had always been master of the situation.

But the man spoke, and Giddonah knew without hearing his words that this was not Amulon. There was a strange accent in the speech as though it were not the native language of the man, and the deep resonant tones had nothing in common with the soft musical tongue of the flatterers of kings.

"You call me Amulon," the man said, "but that is not my name. You speak of me as the Chief Priest of Noah. I know not who Noah is, having never heard of him until this day. And you mention crimes I have committed against this people. I have committed no crimes against this or any people. And I beg of you, O King, to listen to my story, before you condemn me for the crimes of this man Amulon."

Limhi's face was puzzled. He, too, knew that this was not the voice of Amulon and he realized that this man spoke as one telling the truth. His frown relaxed as he bade the man speak.

"My name is Ammon," he contin-

ued, "and I am a descendant of Zarahemla. Ah, I see you know that word though my name is strange to you. In my youth I was acquainted with a certain Zeniff who acted as scout for the people of Mosiah and who taught me one day a broader vision of the life of man than I had known before so that I became a friend of the people instead of an enemy and disturber of the peace. I loved this Zeniff very greatly, but he did not remain long in Zarahemla but led a company of people back to their home land. But as we begin to grow old those whom we loved in youth come often to our minds. So, of late, I have thought much of Zeniff and have wondered what became of him. Benjamin, the son of Mosiah, I have seen reign righteously and die peacefully, leaving the kingdom to his son who is also called Mosiah, and the death of Benjamin reminded me strongly of this Zeniff whom he also loved. So that, at last I importuned Mosiah, his son, to let me lead a small company of men southward in the hope of finding Zeniff or learning what became of him. So, I pray you, O King, as you appear to be a Nephite, to tell me, if you can, what has become of Zeniff, and if these are his people who seem to thirst so for the blood of men who have come in friendliness to them."

"You speak of Zarahemla, as though its people still live and prosper," Limhi exclaimed, and joy choked his voice.

"I have but just come from Zarathemla," Ammon replied, "and it was peaceful and happy when I left. But can you tell me nothing of Zeniff?"

"I am the grandson of Zeniff," Limhi answered, "he has been dead many years. But if he knows of your mission, O Ammon, he must rejoice at the good he did years ago, that raised you up as a savior for his stricken people. You bring us hope that we may yet escape from this

terrible bondage and find our brethren." And in the gladness of that hope, and his gratitude to Ammon, Limhi descended from his throne and undid with his own hands the bonds that bound his grandfather's friend, commanding others to do the same for his companions.

The bitter hope of vengeance which had gathered the multitude about the palace of the king changed to the sweet hope of liberty, as the glad tidings of Ammon's mission spread among them. And so much was there to tell of the people of Zarahemla and the people of Zeniff, that it seemed the tales would never be finished. There was much laughter in the city of Lehi-Nephi and in Shemlon that night, but it was not the wild gaiety that had rippled above the surface of Noah's court. It was the deep, heart-felt laughter that mingles easily with tears. It was the laughter born of hope after long despair.

When Limhi told Ammon of the excursion led by Giddonah and its tragic results, and showed him the golden record, the Zarathemlaite shook his head in response to the question whether he could read it, but told of the gift Mosiah possessed to interpret strange languages, and which constituted him a seer. And then he related the story of Coriantumr and his destroyed people, and suggested that this might be the record Coriantumr had spoken of to Zarahemla which he knew a prophet similar to Abinadi in power and testimony had been keeping of his doomed race.

But after all the tales were told and the rejoicings grew less vivid in their newness of hope, Limhi grew grave again, realizing that they were still slaves to the Lamanites and that their dream of deliverance was yet nothing but a dream.

And after they had discussed many projects and abandoned them all as hopeless, Gideon reminded the king how easily Giddonah's party and Ammon's had slipped in and out of the

North Pass without rousing the suspicions of the Lamanites.

"But they are only a handful," Limhi replied, "and it is thousands we must think of leading to Zarahemla."

"Still, it is the time for the payment of the tribute of wine. And if a handful could slip through in the night while our guards slept only the natural sleep, could not a nation pass out, if they were sleeping the heavy sleep of the drunken? Let us pay, not half, but all our harvest from the grape, and let us see that it is old enough to make them very drunken. And then when they have indulged like the savage children they are, let us be ready and pass out with our flocks and herds in the night while they know nothing."

The plan was accepted. The people were warned to prepare for their exodus, the wine was made ready, and on the day when reports came to Limhi from every part of his realm that the last detail of preparation was attended to, the tribute was paid, and the Nephites watched and listened until they were sure their guards were all enjoying it to the full. Then, with as little noise as possible, they wound in a long line through the narrow pass, the army coming last for protection and Ammon with his company at the front leading them on.

Last of all came Giddonah and his companions who knew the forest so well. They had volunteered to linger behind the main body and watch the movements of the Lamanites that they might give warning of danger of attack. It was arranged that every three hours Giddonah should send a fleet-footed messenger ahead to tell Gideon if he needed to keep his soldiers ready for battle. Limhi seemed to be everywhere. Now at the head of the column talking with Ammon, now watching his loved people pass on their way of hope, now back with Gideon encouraging the soldiers, al-

ways alert and smiling, and exchanging jests with the one nearest him.

Giddonah marveled at the length of time it took the Lamanites to rouse from their drunken lethargy. He marveled at the slowness with which they investigated and discovered at last that the Nephites had gone. He wanted to laugh at the hesitancy with which they decided what to do, and at the poor woodcraft they displayed.

For though under Ammon's leadership the Nephites took every human precaution to render their trail as indistinct as possible, crossing streams, following gravel beds in preference to turf, and attempting every device they could think of to cover their passing, still, to one of much experience in the woods, they could not help leaving signs of their going which were plain as a traveled road. Yet the Lamanites missed that plain trail and began following one that had been beaten by wild animals and their own armies seeking conquest. From this they branched off to one which animals alone had made, and Giddonah, following them, sent all his men to join their people with the cheering word that the Lamanite army was hopelessly lost in the forest and they were safe to travel as carelessly as they chose.

But even while he laughed at their stupidity, deep in his heart was an awed wonder. For he knew these men were skilled in tracking the wild beasts, and that it was from the forest craft of the Lamanites that his father had learned the things he had taught his sons. And Giddonah felt that the blindness of the Lamanites was as much a miracle as the fulfillment of Abinadi's prophecies had been.

Secure in his own knowledge of the forest that he could easily regain his people at will, he followed them in curiosity for two days. Their scant provisions had given out now, and game was not plentiful enough to supply their large body. They were

trying to find their way back, now, and becoming more hopelessly lost with every attempt. Giddonah found himself pitying them and half prompted to set them in the right direction again. But he remembered the past years and did not trust them.

Stopping often, they argued and quarreled among themselves about the right way to follow until Giddonah half expected to see them begin slaughtering each other. On one of these stops he began to realize that he himself would be in danger of getting lost from his company if he followed them longer, so he slipped quietly ahead in search of a clear stream of water before turning back to leave them to the mercy of the forest. Following the bed of a stream that seemed to have dried up in the summer heat, but which he hoped would have water at its source, he came suddenly out upon a tiny valley that was settled.

Tiny flocks fed upon the farther hills. Small, poorly constructed houses clustered together in the center. Men lazily lounged about the animals or worked with an easy slowness in the small patches of cultivated ground. Women moved in and out of the houses or gossipped with each other. And babies played in the dirt or squabbled at their mothers for attention. A throb of hope that these might be the peo-

ple of Alma, stirred in Giddonah's breast. But it died quickly. There were not enough of them. The women were dark skinned with long black hair, and that tall man walking toward him—recognition was swift and sure. This was Amulon.

Crouching in the bushes Giddonah found himself drawing his bow and fitting a straight sure arrow to it, with the point directed to the man's heart. But a shout from many Lamanite throats startled him, and he realized that others had discovered the retreat of the hated priests. He put the arrow back, realizing that he had none to waste, and smiled with the grim thought that at last he should see the priests punished for their crimes. But watching, he saw instead, the dark women come out and plead with their brothers for the lives of the fathers of their children. He saw Amulon, still the polished flatterer, use his wiles upon Laman. And as Lamanites and Nephites started toward the little flocks upon the hills he realized that a feast of mutton and beef would cement their friendship and turn the priests into Lamanites by agreement if not by blood.

And yet, somehow he was not sorry, as he started toward the company led by Ammon, that he had not killed Amulon. He could do no more harm to Nephites now, he thought.

(To be continued)

Fighting it Out

One battle every boy has to fight; the battle with himself. He can not get away from himself as long as he lives. That is impossible. He can not conquer himself without a fight. But a great many boys keep putting the fight off, hence they never win it. They never come within sight of victory, because they let themselves be beaten by delay.

Robert Louis Stevenson once said:

"You can not run away from a weakness; you must some time fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now?"

Bad habits grow every day. They get stronger by delaying the battle. "I can stop bad habits any time I choose," says a boy and he believes it. But he doesn't stop. After a while when he tries to stop, it is tenfold harder, and often it is too late.

Ginger Interposes

By Ruth Moench Bell

"Wrong tactics," commented a voice sympathetically. Bob Lawrence came up to the surface from his high dive to find himself face to face with Blanche's sister, Ginger. Blanche was gone, must have left in the midst of his dazzling performance.

Now "Ginger" was a most uncomfortable person to have about. It was not without reason that the appellation Virginia failed to fit and Ginger clung without a wrinkle. Bob had always cherished the notion that she was laughing at him. And now she had caught him in a ludicrous situation.

He tried to look dignified. But with wet hair sending tiny rivulets over his nose and eyes, dignity was out of the question. He tried to observe quite casually that he was merely diving for his own diversion. But even polite fibs fell flat with Ginger. He thought he would ignore her and make another dive as evidence that he had not been diving to impress her sister. However, he seemed to have lost his bounce.

She was not laughing. He almost wished she had been. If she had laughed he could have got angry and snubbed her. Yet he somehow could not overcome the notion that behind her eyes there lurked a grin such as he had surprised on her face in the kindergarten days of his courtship, some two years back. She had placed a table by the parlor door, put a chair on that, and climbed up to take a peak at big sister's courting.

The fact that he had happened to glance up as her face appeared above the old fashioned transom, thereby causing her to topple from her pedestal, failed to patch the puncture his dignity suffered, from the grin with which she pricked it.

His dignity was in a state of collapse now or he could surely have

conjured up something better than a trite snub.

"I do not understand in the least what you mean."

"No?" came the rejoinder, with that exasperating rising inflection. And Ginger made a pretty little dive herself and came to the surface beside him as he rolled himself onto the beach.

"Blanche despises athletics," Ginger continued, quite as if there had been no interruption. "Give us no more of body than shows soul" is her motto from Browning. Blanche doesn't even yell when they pull her teeth out. The only way to affect Blanche is to step on one of her soul corns, and she has a host of them. And she won't use a paring knife; and if you suggest sand-paper her soul winces; and salve of any sort, well, it would be like salving over your conscience, you know, sort of winking at improprieties."

Ginger pulled her big coat on and thrust her hands boyishly into the pockets. The action accorded so well with her blunt remarks that Bob found himself wishing she would push the hair back from her damp curls and stroll off whistling. Instead she made a confession.

"That's why I peeked over the transom that time. I knew you couldn't possibly move one of your big feet without crushing hard about a dozen of Blanche's soul corns. Vaughn's winning because he hasn't any feet. Vaughn Courtney! You can tell by his name he was meant for an artist from his infancy. An ethereal artist, that means pseudo artist. You can see the soul shining right through his body, it's so transparent. And then he has such soft white hands. You ought to see him let go of a warm platter and hear his dainty, little shriek."

Bob thrust his huge, hairy paw deep into the gravelly beach.

"Oh, there's no use trying to hide it," Ginger went on remorselessly. "You're a big, beefy specimen and your only chance is to follow Vaughn's lead and go in for art. If you can't babble soulfully of Rembrandt and Whistler, Blanche may forget your physical exuberance."

"And am I indebted for this suggestion to the fact that—" Bob's words shut off as if an electric button had been snapped. The same snap switched a red glow over Bob's features which helped out the beefy simile Ginger had used.

Blanche and Vaughn appeared on the beach. Bob tried to get to his feet politely, but somehow his physical preponderance had never seemed more oxen. "And to think I was once proud of my athletic proportions," he thought with an inward kick at himself.

"You see, Andrea Del Sarto—" Vaughn was saying as the two, lost in contemplation, strolled by.

"Andrea del Hango," Bob snorted when the two were out of hearing. "I know all about Andrea. He was a low-brow Italian who sold his honor and his art and everything there was decent in him to please a woman who hadn't the sense to appreciate a great, big love like his."

Bob was too busy with his own woes to notice the emotional disturbance of the boyish figure beside him.

"So I've got to wear an Elbert Hubbard tie," he ruminated. "and sleep in my switch and then forget to comb it out again in the morning, paint cows, and babble about Andrea's art when I'd a great deal rather talk about his soul-absorbing love that lead him into so many sacrifices. Poor, old Andrea, I'll know how to sympathize with him if I have to renounce athletics and go in for art."

Bob got to his feet gazing forlornly after the pair, while two big tears

squeezed past Ginger's guard and rolled down her check.

"I'm glad you told me, anyhow, little girl," Bob went on without turning, and two more tears broke bounds and galloped after the others, "it's mighty comforting to have someone to talk it over with—provided you are not laughing at me."

Ginger gulped and smeared the tears off as a boy might have done. But Bob was at her side in an instant.

"Why you poor, little girl," he cried, sympathetically, "What's the matter?" Then a light burst through Bob's brain—Ginger was in love with Vaughn. "So that's why you want me to win—so you can—well of all things! What girls see in a fellow like Vaughn beats me anyhow!"

Bob seized her wet hand with a tender pressure which she shook off vigorously.

"You're a brick for telling me, anyhow," he added warmly. "I wish I could help you out with a hint. But I don't know what goes with a chap like that—I beg your pardon. You were guying him yourself, you know. I didn't guess you cared."

"I don't care," Ginger snapped as she sprang to her feet and went off whistling, "I can't endure him."

"Just the same, she does care," Bob confided to the reflection of himself in artist toggery, in the mirror some days later. "She does care for him, poor little girl. I saw the look on her face when the two went past without speaking and you better believe I know how it feels."

Bob adjusted his windsor tie to his satisfaction and shook out his football mane to suggest artistic carelessness.

"And the child's a peach," he told himself with conviction, "a genuine Crawford peach. She ought to land Vaughn all right if I get Blanche headed off in another direction."

Bob's thoughts rambled on aim-

lessly as he possessed himself of easel, paints, palette, brushes and canvas and went forth to conquer.

"She was a blushing beauty in that big kitchen apron yesterday." He was down the steps and swinging along at an athletic pace and still threshing out the subject of Ginger's chances. "And the little skeezicks can cook; says she just loves to. Those were some biscuits she was turning out, too."

Suddenly Bob stopped, arrested by a tremendous idea. Then his thoughts raced on riotously doing high hurdles and all sorts of acrobatic feats.

"She'll get him," he announced to himself joyously. "She'll get him. I'll toss her a wink that will queer Blanche's luck in a twinkle. And then maybe Blanche will be able to see me. A kitchen apron and a pan of biscuits are star plays. They get a man going every time. First thing you know he's dreaming about how cozy it will be to come home and find a cute little trinket stirring up goodies for him. He'll be eating out of her hand in less than a week. I'll have to give the little girl the hint. And I'll have to hand it to her mighty softly for she's a proud little piece—trying to pretend she doesn't care."

Bob had reached his hunting grounds and began setting up his traps as he concluded his speculations.

"These kiddo affairs go pretty deep and a fellow's lucky to get the first blush of the rose. If Vaughn doesn't hand himself over to her body and soul I'll chuck him into the lake. It'll work like a charm."

And it did. No charm ever worked more magically. Two weeks later an accidental joy meeting of the culprit plotters announced the success of the twin schemes.

"She's coming my way, all right," Bob proclaimed rapturously. "He had her out in a canoe sketching water lilies, and of course she had to get up

and walk over to see the wonderful sketch. Over went the canoe. Into the water they both spluttered. Vaughn may be able to paint, but he can't swim. Lucky for her I arrived on the scene. I've just carried her up to the house."

"Yes, and left him to go down with the water-lilies," Ginger flashed indignantly. "If I hadn't come along what would have happened to Vaughn?"

"Merciful matches! I forgot all about him. Well, a fellow that can't take care of himself—I beg your pardon. Besides I knew you'd be along. The shore around there is just like a magnet to the two of us. We can't keep away. So you towed him in?"

"Yes, and I'm going to give a big dinner tomorrow to the four of us. Mother says I may cook the entire meal myself."

"That's the stuff, Ginger. You should have seen him munching away on those cookies you brought out yesterday. If ever a soul had an ecstasy his was that soul."

"Not his soul. Cookies cannot appease the soul-appetite, clumsy."

"They can't, eh? Well, he *thought* it was his soul that was being tickled, so what is the odds? And the way he sat there stroking that burnt wrist of yours made me scrappy. I bound it up for you and I knew how it hurt even for his lily fingers to play delicate staccatos on it. Of course you never winced."

Ginger sighed with well-simulated happiness. "Did you wince when Blanche's one hundred and thirty pounds of wet loveliness reposed in your arms?"

Bob emitted a sigh like a miniature typhoon. The two sat dreaming for some time. Then Bob observed,

"Well, I've got to win pretty soon. The fellows are guying the life out of me about this artist toggery. And up at the studio the whole bunch snorted over that cubist art I turned out. I came nearly wading into the whole

outfit and distributing black eyes promiscuously. It's a great way for a fellow to have to spend his vacation, sketching water that he would a lot rather dive into."

"It's pretty hot work out in that kitchen, too," Ginger complained. "It is all right, of course, if we win. Blanche said last night she'd no idea you were so artistic."

Bob rolled on the grass and groaned.

"Artistic nothing! I read about Raphael every night and then haunt the woods and lake shore for a chance to spout my lesson into Blanche's blue eyes."

"You prefer blue eyes?" Ginger asked anxiously.

"They're the only color," Bob blundered—then pulled himself up as he noted a quivering lip. "They're the only color for thick-headed athletes but all artists prefer brown, they say."

"Neatly turned," Ginger laughed. "Then how do you explain Vaughn's preference for blue?"

"Account for it? By all the laws of logic he ought to be paying his devotion at your shrine. His taste is all in his mouth anyhow, or he'd be doing it."

"Then here goes for an appeal to his mouth," Ginger chanted. "So come tomorrow at six. If the dinner fails he has had his last biscuits of my baking."

"Yes, and I'll stand on that lake shore painting landscapes for the last time, one of these days, if I don't get more encouragement than I've had so far," complained Bob. "I'll make my star play tomorrow before your decisive dinner. I'll scout the forests with my crop full of Romeo rhymes if Rembrandt fails. Here's to success, little sister."

Bob's huge paw went out but Ginger failed to see it. She merely waved goodbye as she flitted from view.

* * *

If Blanche hadn't smiled covertly and exchanged glances with Vaughn, as she looked at the canvas meant to

ensnare her heart, Bob might have borne it. But when she followed that glance with one of those upward gazings that make a fellow reach out and squeeze a girl's arm when he daren't do more, Bob's endurance burst bounds.

Of course, Vaughn caught the upward gaze and drew her to him by means of the arm he was openly squeezing, and the two strolled on together.

Then it was that Bob went wild. With one kick he sent his foot and a good share of his leg through the freshly painted canvass. With one fling, brushes, palette and paints went sailing into the lake. And before Blanche and Vaughn were six rods off, unaware of the passion their glances had provoked, Bob was a free man.

"And what's more that guy will follow the palette into the lake if he can't see Ginger's prefections tonight. Poor little girl, sweltering in a hot kitchen to win a callow knave that cannot see that brown eyes are so much prettier than blue that there's no comparison."

It was no gentle frame of mind that Bob carried with him to that dinner. He was late to begin with, having taken time to kick his paint-smeared artist togs into a far distant corner of the closet.

In his athletic flannels he felt at home once more and would have been a dangerous disturber of feminine fancies were it not for a certain light that lurked deep in his eyes. When the boys used to see that fire before a foot-ball game, a thrill went down their spines. They knew that Bob's ire was up and victory was sure. All it required to rouse the said ire was to hint that some big bully on the opposing team meant to resort to foul play and knock out one of Bob's eleven.

The three were awaiting him on the veranda. Blanche and Vaughn were

amazed at Bob's return to athletic attire and neither even suppressed a smile. Blanche was just making the discovery that Bob was a masterpiece himself, handsome and splendidly proportioned. Vaughn was beginning to sense with considerable uneasiness the fact that Bob might win an easy victory, at last, if he chose. He had caught Blanche's admiring gaze and wondered why he had felt so sure of his prize before.

What Ginger felt in the crucial moment nobody knew and nobody save Bob noticed. There was a suspicious redness about her eyes that made Bob search her face tenderly. The discovery banished the last bit of suavity from his demeanor. He became an inwardly raging lion merely waiting an opportunity to pounce on his prey.

If Vaughn had been a reader of signs, he would have eaten everything offered, praised the fare and adored the fair cook, or feigned to adore her. Vaughn was too much occupied with intercepting Blanche's admiring gaze from his rival to make any observations on the rising temperature of that rival, or question the cause.

He was accepting biscuits, of Bob's passing, at an enormous rate till he finally became aware of his heaped plate and Bob's menacing finger. A smothered sob from Ginger made him look up but it was Bob's irate eyes he encountered.

"Eat 'em, you lobster," thundered a voice that matched the eyes.

"I am eating them," shouted the surprised Vaughn.

"Tell her they're good, can't you, you clumsy cow."

"Of course, they're good."

"Don't, Bob," pleaded Ginger, ris-

ing and lifting a tear drenched face to his, "Please don't."

Bob was a stickler for proprieties but he folded the startled Ginger in his arms as one would soothe a child. A sudden sense of peace pervaded his being at the touch of her head on his bosom and an ecstatic joy flooded his features.

With a dawning light of discovery, Blanche and Vaughn quietly excused themselves from the room to two who were as unaware of their going as they had been, for that one wonderful moment, of their presence.

"Do you think you could learn to love a 'big, beefy' specimen?" Bob whispered, amazed at his own feelings but unwilling to surrender them.

"I couldn't *learn* something I've always *known*," Ginger's happy voice breathed into his necktie.

"Then you only pretended to be—"

"I only let you jump at conclusions," she finished his sentence.

"And all that artist piffle?"

"Was to save you for me."

Further speech was effectually terminated for some time. Then Bob plied her further, craving to hear reiterated assurance of his wondrous good fortune.

"And the cooking?"

"Your recipe to win you."

"And the tears?"

"I thought I'd failed."

"You deep-dyed little villain, you," Bob crushed her to him joyously.

"I was so afraid Blanche would find out how splendid you are." Ginger sighed between more crushings.

Outside on the veranda two similarly occupied beings were saying:

"We'll hire a cook, sweetheart."

and

"I love you even if you can't swim."



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT, Editor
GEORGE D. PYPER, Associate Editor
ALBERT HAMER REISER, Business Manager

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SALT LAKE CITY . APRIL, 1923

Home Co-operation

For many years the Deseret Sunday School Union Board has been endeavoring to secure the co-operation of parents in stimulating home preparation of Sunday School lessons by the children. Surveys made from time to time have been most discouraging. It seems that parents are particularly alert in following up the work of the Public Schools in providing secular

education but the indifference manifested toward lessons provided by the Sunday School and other auxiliary associations, having in mind the spiritual development of the pupils, has been deplorable. Of course, we know that all true Latter-day Saint parents have an interest in the spiritual welfare of their children. That is not the point. The trouble is they trust too confidently in the ability of the auxiliaries to do that work for them. The primary responsibility to teach their children the principles of the Gospel does not, however, belong to the organizations of the Church but to the parents themselves. The Lord has definitely fixed this responsibility in a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith, from which the following is taken:

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentence, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands, when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents.

"For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized.

"And their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of the hands.

"And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

This revelation can leave no doubt in one's mind as to the duty imposed upon parents. And this responsibility has never been shifted. But as an aid in this great work, Sunday Schools and other auxiliaries have been established to assist the parents in meeting this obligation.

If some systematic method of tying up the helps offered by the Church to

the home were established in each family, what wonderful results might be accomplished! The adoption of a home evening, once a week, by a few stakes, has already been a material aid in bringing about this hoped-for co-operation. What a splendid opportunity is offered in these home gatherings to get some expression from the children on Sunday School work and to put over a proper understanding of the principles of the Gospel. But the home evening has only been established in a few localities. Its universal adoption would be a great blessing to the people not only in stimulating home preparation of Sunday School lessons but in promoting closer home ties.

The Sunday School organization is

this year making renewed efforts to secure home cooperation in the preparation of Sunday School lessons and its aim is to help the parents in the great duty assigned them in the revelation referred to. It appeals to parents to awaken to the responsibility which the Lord has placed upon them and to help themselves by tying up the Gospel lessons with other home activities. If parents will take the same interest in following up the Sunday School lessons, designed to stimulate development of the children in the fundamental principles of the Gospel, as they do in checking up the work of the secular schools, there will soon be a different story to tell concerning preparation.

Happiness

One of the human fallacies that is not without its virtue is the belief that we need something more than that which we have to be happy. It is this unrest, this seeking for the more perfect thing, that brings us into such happiness as we may know.

Happiness is the reward of duty. Duty is doing. The turtle may be content, but nobody thinks of him as being a creature of happiness. Yet in birds because happiness results from fancy we often speak of the happy action. We think of the running brook as happy, but never so the stagnant pool.

He who sets out to find happiness is pretty sure to fail. It is not a pursuit in itself. It comes as the pay for service. Nor can happiness, when it is attained, make men good; it is goodness which makes men happy. We are content because we are happy, rather than happy because we are content. Happiness itself is as colorless as a ray of light. To know it and to value it, it must be broken as the prism breaks the ray of light. The most idle, and in the end the most miserable, life

is the life that seeks nothing but pleasure. Pleasure is only good as a recreation. It brings no happiness when it is made one's only business.

Happiness is so unconsciously a part of the truly busy life that we often fail to recognize it until it is gone. One seldom hears "This is a happy time;" one often hears "Those were happy times." We are more prone to remember happiness than to prize it when we have it. He is both busy and wise who is able to appreciate it when he has it in fullest measure.

The happy life is not made up of negatives, but of positives. It is not the reward of fortune, and fortune can not buy it. It is duty's pay-envelope.

He finds most happiness who labors most to make others happy.

Only through surmounting difficulties, through triumph over disappointment and defeat, through making the wrong right, do we come to know happiness. Without the biting frost we would never know the glory of the summer sun.—*E. D. S., in the Christian.*



SIGNS of the TIMES



By J.M. Sjodahl

THE NEXT WAR

One of the conspicuous signs of the present is the frequent reminders to the world of the necessity of preparedness for another war. The atmosphere seems to be charged with war talk.

President Harding, as may be remembered, in his message to the late Congress, Dec. 8, 1922, proposed a survey of a plan to draft all the resources of the country, human and material, so that we shall be "prepared for a universal call to armed defense."

Since then the apostles of militarism have preached "preparedness" up and down the country. They all intimate that another war is probable.

In England, on March 16, Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, leader of the Labor party in parliament, declared in the House of Commons that the nations were becoming less shame-faced in openly talking of preparations for the next war, and he warned the house of the possibility of France signing a separate peace with Germany, and presenting the allies with the accomplished fact. About the same time Lenin, the dominating genius of Russia, gave out the statement that "a world revolution is inevitable." It will be postponed, he said, until the masses in India and China are sufficiently educated to take part in the struggle. That, then, is the program of the Russian dictators!

Even the press congress at St. Louis, Mo., took cognizance of this general, depressing apprehension of an impending world conflict. On March 6, that body issued a demand for honesty in the transmission of news.

"Before the next war comes," that representative body of newspaper men said, "if it comes, governments and nations must be convinced that, in the

long run, lying does not pay. It does not pay even in peace, and realization of that fact may prevent or postpone the next war."

THREATENING STORM CLOUDS

There are several dark clouds from which a storm might break any time, suddenly. The so-called Near East question is one of them.

On March 6th, it was announced that the Turkish national assembly at Angora, had refused to ratify the Lausanne peace treaty. That means that the world war, as far as Turkey is concerned, is not yet ended, although an armistice is being observed. With Greece burdened with thousands of destitute refugees from Asia Minor, and under the necessity of keeping an expensive army in western Thrace in case of invasion, the situation in the Balkans is as fraught with danger as ever. Great Britain recognizing this, is taking every measure possible toward military and naval defense of the Straits.

Another storm cloud is hanging threateningly, over the Ruhr, where French and Belgian troops have been occupied, since Jan. 11, collecting money to apply on the German reparation account.

So far the invaders have had but little success. They have fined a few "captains of industry," imprisoned German officials, exiled prominent citizens and confiscated some private property, but every dollar obtained, has cost, probably, two dollars to collect, and it is evident that even the collection of money can become too expensive.

The German chancellor, Herr Cuno, on March 6, declared, in a message to the Reichstag, that Germany would not negotiate as long as foreign troops

occupy her soil. To which the French premier replied, March 9, that France would not accept mediation, but would listen to official propositions made by Germany. That seems to be an intimation from both sides that a "getting together" is not impossible. But as the situation now is, Germany is a vast volcano from which an outbreak of hatred may occur any day and shake Europe to the center.

FRANCE BURDENED WITH DEBT

Economically, France is not much better off than Germany. That country has an internal debt of about three hundred billion francs, a large portion of which represents money spent on restoration of the war-swept area, with the understanding that Germany would pay the bills. But Germany has not paid, and the French government is facing the bond holders practically with empty hands. France will have to meet an interest amounting to eighteen billion francs. That is equal to the entire yearly revenue of the country. If the interest is paid, not a *sou* will be left for the army and navy, for pensions, etc. And the taxes are already oppressive. The Ruhr invasion may, therefore, be condoned, as an effort on the part of France to escape a critical situation.

But it is, nevertheless, wrong.

It is wrong to send a punitive expedition into any country, to punish private citizens for the sins of their rulers. In civilized countries a creditor does not force himself into a home to chastise the women and children because the head of the house does not pay his debts.

It is also futile, for Germany cannot pay the sums demanded.

Careful computations place the capacity of Germany at about three hundred million dollars a year, as the amount that might be extracted for reparations, provided every cent saved, after living and public expenses have been paid, could be collected. But

those who work and toil are not going to starve and skimp and exert themselves, merely to be able to send their savings to a foreign country.

It is against human nature to labor and see no results. If the allies want Germany to pay, they must assist her to a condition of such prosperity that the yearly payment of three or four hundred million dollars would not be felt by the laboring man as an unbearable burden. There is no other way of collecting the money due. A friendly conference of representatives of all the nations interested will have to be held, if desirable results are to be obtained.

THE INTERNATIONAL COURT

President Harding, before the late Congress adjourned, March 4, sent a request to that body for authority to appoint an American delegate to the International court of arbitration established by the League of Nations. The request was laid over for consideration by our next Congress. In the meantime, the so-called "irreconcilables," with Senator Johnson, of California, at the head, have launched an oratorical agitation against even that modest effort to help the cause of peace and good-will of the world. There is, therefore, a possibility that the political battle about our relations to the rest of the world will be fought all over again.

President Harding was elected on the promise that he would try to establish a better "association of nations" than the league of Versailles. His request to Congress at this late day is possibly only a "feeler" to ascertain the sentiment of the majority of the voters in the country. If it is favorable, some action to redeem a pre-election promise may be looked for.*

*During the campaign of 1920, two weeks before the election, a statement was issued in which the public was told, "We have reached the conclusion that the true course to bring America into an

THE PRO-CIGARETTE LAW

The pro-cigarette law passed by the Utah Legislature before adjournment, March 8, throws the doors of our beloved mountain state wide open to the various forms of moral slavery in which the tobacco habit holds its victims, and it legalizes smoking in places that, above all, should be kept clean and free from filth.

effective league to preserve peace * * * is by frankly calling upon the other nations to agree to a change in the proposed agreement which will obviate this vital objection [Article X] and other objections less the subject of dispute." This was signed by thirty-one distinguished citizens, among whom were Secretary Hughes, Elihu Root, and Herbert Hoover.

It has a section which seems to prohibit the advertising of tobacco in local publications and on bill boards, and to permit such advertising at the same time. But perhaps I do not understand the section, and that would not necessarily be the fault of the authors of it.

But one thing is evident. The Latter-day Saints have a great work before them, that requires earnest, well-directed efforts, if they want to make this mountain home what the Utah pioneers, of blessed memory, hoped that it would become. The greatest moral victories in the world have been won in spite of adverse legislation, because the champions of righteousness have been true 'o their ideals, and faithful to God.

Is There a God?

Often have I thought it odd
That men ask, "Is there a God?"

Sceptics ply their questions rife;
There remains the fact of life.

Have they never breathed a prayer
And rejoiced to feel Him there?

Not alone in temples grand,
May we feel His moving hand.

Have they questioned what man knows
How to shape a full-blown rose?

Not alone at time of prayer—
God is present everywhere.

Have they ne'er heard the refrain
Of a robin in the rain?

To the open soul each place
Holds some glimpses of His face.

How each morning all anew
He bejewels earth with dew!

Listening, Devotion hears
The sweet music of the spheres.

How He paints the sun at rest
On the canvass of the west!

Mysteries of mind and heart
Show divine creative art.

Who but God has taught the tender art
Of a mother's loving heart?

The need of men is eyes to see
The presence of Divinity.

Is there not a God to send
The warm hand-clasp of a friend?

—Charles Nelson Page



SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

Prelude

Moderato. — 76.

SUSIE GUTHRIE.

SACRAMENT GEM FOR JUNE, 1923

His precious blood He freely spilt—
His life He freely gave;
A sinless sacrifice for guilt,
A dying world to save.

Postlude

Handwritten musical score for two voices. The top voice is in treble clef, B-flat major, and 2/4 time. The bottom voice is in bass clef, B-flat major, and 2/4 time. The top voice starts with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The bottom voice starts with a half note followed by quarter notes. Dynamics 'mp' and 'p' are indicated. The score ends with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR JUNE, 1923

(Matthew, 7th chapter, 21st Verse)

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven.

UNIFORM FAST DAY LESSON
June, 1923

of Fast Sunday? Have teachers requested that each member of the class give thoughtful consideration to this question from a personal standpoint.

Topic:—Why do I believe that I must be an active member in this Church, if I am to be saved?

Suggestions to Teachers:

May we presuppose that teachers have assigned this topic one week in advance

It can be easily approached by referring to activities in which members of your class participate. No boy would excel or achieve success in football without getting into the game. He must be an active participant. The girl who

would become a trained nurse or milliner or housekeeper, must do the things that are required to put her in possession of the ability which she seeks. As a teacher, you get from your class their reaction to the suggestion that action, not membership, in any group, produces growth and development. By degrees, you can bring the discussion over into the realm of religion.

Refer to the requirements in the Church and how adherence to these principles brings specific blessings. He who is a tithe payer advances more rapidly toward the goal of salvation than he who

fails in that respect. The prayerful person, other things being equal, receives more inspiration, and hence, growth of the spirit, than one who does not pray. Let the class enumerate other duties and give their views on the benefits to be derived through obedience to them.

The result of such a discussion should be that each one will see the inconsistency of hoping for a reward, even salvation, without living the Gospel.

Teachers will bear in mind that the class should do the work; the teacher merely guides and directs the course of thought.



TEACHERS WITH AN ATTENDANCE RECORD

Group from Archer Ward, Fremont Stake, Idaho

The officers and teachers in the above photograph, (sent by James H. Smith, Superintendent), have never been late, and have attended every prayer meeting and Sunday School session during 1921 and 1922—ninety-five sessions. Reading from left to right, they are: Miss Edith Briggs, teacher; Mrs. Geo. F. Nelson, First Asst. Supt.; Miss Esther May Weekes, teacher; Ernest Weekes, Secretary; Elmer Weekes, Librarian.

SECRETARIES' DEPARTMENT

Albert Hamer Reiser, General Secretary

RECORDS AND SUCCESS

A great field of usefulness, filled with all the interest and fascination that may be reasonably demanded, and rich as well in satisfaction, is open to Sunday School secretaries. This claim was made for secretarial work in the March issue of this magazine.

One Sunday School superintendent, of the many who believe this to be true, took occasion to express his belief recently. His letter (most of which is reproduced below) while supporting this claim, holds out to view some concrete ideas, which bring out clearly the close relationship between secretarial service and Sunday School quality. It discloses also of what value the secretaries' department may be to the superintendency, if there is maintained a close and efficient relationship between these departments.

"I am a firm believer in record efficiency and there is no doubt but that better preparation on the part of teachers and pupils will result where a close check is kept on all teachers at their various meetings. This is not only true of preparation, but the interest of the teacher is quickened and there exists a harmony in the Sunday School that can be secured in no other way. I have noticed, over a period of years, that the teacher who is always on the job is the one who is interested and to stimulate this interest and keep it growing is the real secret of Sunday School efficiency.

"Every superintendent should keep a weekly report of his officers, teachers, and pupils and be on the job himself and see to it that his assistants are present at every meeting. If the above formula is followed out, regularly each month, the Sunday School in any ward will be a success. This thought should be instilled into every Sunday School officer in the Church and then the rest of the success of the organization would be easy to attain,

(Signed) "Alfred E. Stratford,
"Superintendent."

These principles, besides being theoretically sound, are practical. Superintendent Stratford submits the records of his Sunday School in proof of this:

Fourth Ward Sunday School
Ogden, Utah

Attendance of Officers and Teachers

for the months of November, December, and January. Officers and Teachers enrolled—21. Pupils—350.

November Record, 1922

Preparation Meeting	97%
Prayer Meeting	99
Sunday School	100
Sacrament Meeting	99
Priesthood Meeting	100
Pupils S. S. Attendance	80

December Record, 1922

Preparation Meeting	87%
Prayer Meeting	88
Sunday School	94
Sacrament Meeting	90
Priesthood Meeting	100
Pupils S. S. Attendance	84

January Record, 1923

Preparation Meeting	93%
Prayer Meeting	95
Sunday School	97
Sacrament Meeting	90
Priesthood Meeting	93
Pupils S. S. Attendance	80

He has this to say about these records: "You will notice that the November record is better than the one previously sent you from our school and, as far as I can learn, better than any similar record made in the Church. I have enclosed (records of) three successive months showing that this is a Fourth Ward habit and was not made only in November as a record."

Superintendents who have ideals of quality, excellence and spirituality which they are ambitious to have their schools attain, will find here some valuable and practical ideas.

Secretaries who feel the need for a clearer view of the scope and possibilities of their service, will find here an illuminating glimpse from the Superintendent's angle.

On this subject in this department, a few months ago that statement was made and is again affirmed, since it has bearing upon the matter: "People engaged in the Sunday School business will never approach anything like real success until they have formed the habit of making a close and constant study of their business, using among other things their statistical records.

MISSIONARY SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Committee: *Charles B. Felt, Chairman; Harold G. Reynolds, Henry H. Rolapp and Robert L. Judd*

WORK FOR JUNE, 1923

Theological Department

June 3. Uniform Fast Day Lesson.
June 10. The Effects of Gospel Teaching.

June 17. Growth Required Extended Organization. (Text: Chapter 16.)
June 24. Review.

Text: "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," by Edward H. Anderson. See Theological Department, this issue, for more extended outline.

Intermediate Department

June 3. Uniform Fast Day Lesson.
June 10. Chapter 15 of Text.

June 17. Chapter 16 of Text.

June 24, Review.

Text. "A Young Folks' History of the Church," by Nephi Anderson. See Second Intermediate Department, this issue, for outline.

Primary Department

June 3. Uniform Fast Day Lesson.
Lesson 19. The Laws of the Lord.

June 10. Lesson 20. A Strange Conquest.

June 17. Lessons 21. A Daughter's Devotion.

June 24. Lesson 22. A Boy Who Lived in a Temple.

See Primary Department, this issue, for detailed outline.



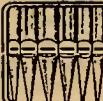
L. D. S. SUNDAY SCHOOL, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Back row, reading from left to right: Mission Elder George M. Neilson, Sister Edwyna Stewart, Sister S. M. Grimes, Sister N. B. Patterson, Sister N. E. Jakes, Sister F. A. Guest, local Elder H. L. Stewart, Superintendent of Sunday School.

Second row: Sister M. B. Barrow, Local Elder C. M. Capel, Local Elder W. S. Featherston, 1st Asst. Superintendent and Secretary; Sisters D. A. Gibson, M. A. Barrow, Ora Barrow, and M. M. Featherston, Sunday School Organist; Sister A. Gulbransen, Primary Teacher; Sister H. O. Fulcher, Sister T. A. Conn, president of Relief Society.

Third row: Sister R. L. Featherston, A. B. Maynard, T. O. Mitchem, Sister M. B. Strickland, Sister B. L. Britt, Sister D. I. Maynard, H. B. Guest, O. V. Mitchem, Sister E. M. Featherston.

Fourth row, kneeling. Local Elder W. T. Mitchem, Mission Elder H. V. Mendenhall, Local Elder C. P. Maynard, Second Assistant Superintendent and Theological Teacher, Mission Elder R. V. Christensen, and Mission Elder A. Christensen.



CHORISTERS' and ORGANISTS' DEPARTMENT



Edward P. Kimball, Chairman; Tracy Y. Cannon, and P. Melvin Petersen

Fast Day Song

Choristers will please have the school sing, "Improve the Shining Moments," as one of the opening songs on Fast Day. It has distinct bearing on the topic assigned for this day in all the classes. Before having the song rendered, the chorister should point out how the text refers to work and the performance of duty in the Church, and the reward which comes to those who are useful and take advantage of each day to work out their salvation. The school will then sing with understanding and spirit.

Instructions on Playing the Sacrament

Gem Music

By Tracy Y. Cannon

Tempo: The tempo should be moderate. It must have repose but should not drag. The correct speed is about 76 quarter notes a minute.

Registration: Use 8 ft. stops that are not harsh. A flute tone quality in the Prelude and a string tone quality in the Postlude would be effective.

Technic: Play very legato. Observe all tied notes. Devise a good fingering for the first two measures, right hand, of Prelude.

Interpretation: Prelude.—start softly, making an almost imperceptible increase in tone up to the third note of the second measure, then rather suddenly increase the tone through the first chord of the third measure. Decrease through the next chord. Here break the tone, making a complete rest for just a moment, then gradually decrease the tone until the end. Hold the last note four beats.

Postlude: Play all of the Postlude moderately, softly up to the last chord and then decrease the tone gradually until it dies away while the chord is still held.

Song Analysis

"Gently Raise the Sacred Strain"
No. 57, "Deseret Sunday School Songs."
Tempo $\frac{4}{4}$ —76

By P. Melvin Petersen

This song is written in three quarter measure, three counts to each measure. Three quarter measure should be divided as follows, when referring to accents: 1 loud, 2 soft, 3 soft; or strong, weak,

weak. The method for beating for this song is down, right, up, or down, left, up.

Proper observance of relatively strong and weak accents by the voice always gives life and beauty to the music and will make it possible for large groups to sing well together.

The first presentation of this and other songs should be very accurate. Referring particularly to correct note values. These relative values should remain unchanged with individual interpretation. We may occasionally introduce retardandos and accelerandos, but we must not change relative values if we hope to interpret the song as the composer intended.

"Gently Raise the Sacred Strain," with special thought on "gently" and "sacred," gives us the key to the whole song. These words suggest devotion, solemnity and reverence. These emotions should be characterized by the voice throughout. If we think and truly mean what we are singing, our emotions will aid greatly in the interpretation.

"Holy day, devoid of strife; Let us seek eternal life, that great reward, And partake the Sacrament in remembrance of our Lord." When singing these words we are sure to be thankful for the sacrifice of our Lord and Savior. The first verse also reminds us that the Sabbath is a day of rest and a special day to return thanks to God for His blessings.

This whole song should be sung with a great amount of religious fervor. The fourth verse would be very effective if sung with half voice.

Particularly in a song of this character we must avoid the pernicious habit of slurring or sliding the voice from one tone to another. We should be positive, attack all tones with ease and precision, also release them together.

Proper phrasing and attack will often correct bad habits that have been formed in regard to slurring. Phrase this song and all other songs as you would phrase them when reading the verse.

The soprano has the strong melodic part. On the third staff, particularly, the voices should sing the tones clearly with clean cut precision.

The alto, tenor and bass parts, like the soprano, are very simple and easy to sing. The last four measures on the second staff for the alto is very important because of the leading tone being used

to modulate into the dominant key. The dominant key is used again the first two measures of the fourth staff with more effectiveness. Here the dominant character is more pronounced with the leading tone in the soprano. Following this passage the accompaniment leads us peacefully back to the original key.

Analysis of Organ Music

By Edward P. Kimball

"Festlied," by C. Meyer, page 68, in "Reed Organ Album" by Archer. See "Analysis of Organ Music" in February "Juvenile" for method of practice. Tempo $\frac{4}{4} 120$.

The German word "Festlied" means "festival song," and carries with it the idea of celebration. To warrant its title such a composition would need to be joyful, but dignified and stately. That is the meaning of this word in German. All organists have found the necessity occasionally of using just such a selection as a prelude to some festive occasion when the whole school is bubbling with pent up enthusiasm in anticipation of some special program. A prelude of purely worshipful character does not seem to make itself felt. Above the excitement there needs to peal forth the organ's conception of

the spirit of the day. In such instances the sudden ending of a dignified, massive selection will cause a hush where quiet music would end unnoticed. Or the organist may desire to end the services with a paean of praise, instead of a rollicking march. In either case the selection under consideration is admirably adapted.

It can be played throughout with full organ, and with as high a pressure as possible. The tempo sign at the beginning says "lively and with energy," but the speed should, of course, not exceed a rate which will permit of clean performance and dignity and praise.

The organist should practice full organ with all couplers on so as to acquire the necessary strength and agility to perform with full organ, which is no small task. Care should be given to play all detached notes as such, and to indicate the ends of phrases properly by lifting the hands from the keys. Except where otherwise indicated, a half staccato will lend life and accent, while perfect largo will kill the spirit of the piece. The fingering should be studied out and marked so as to insure the most perfect rendition possible. If taken up as suggested and mastered, the piece will prove a valuable addition to the repertory of the organist.



SUNDAY SCHOOL PUPILS, FAIRVIEW, UTAH

Pupils with a record for memorizing Concert Recitations
From left to right: Leada O. Rigby, Glenda Rigby, William
A. Bolne (teacher), Elvia Sidewell, Lela Taylor.



PARENTS' DEPARTMENT



Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, N. T. Porter, E. G. Gowans, Seymour B. Young, Charles H. Hart, George N. Child, and Milton Bennion

LESSONS FOR JUNE

First Sunday, June 3, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I must be an active member in this Church if I am to be saved? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

LESSON WORK

The Personal Factors in Religious Education

Chapter XXIII—Cope's "Religious Education in the Family."

Every living thing has distinct **individuality** given to it as a native endowment; but personality is exclusively a human acquisition. A child's individuality is neither moral nor immoral. It is, however, a factor in determining the development of personality.

Frequent personal contact of father and mother with the child is the most potent factor in developing the child's personality. The mere parental instructor imparts information, but the parental teacher creates personality.

The power of the family as a religious educational agency consists in the fact that it is an association of persons. The depersonalized home is one of the modern menaces.

There are too many fathers who are financial and physiological fathers only.

He who provides only things for his family is not "a good provider." First of all our homes need more of ourselves.

It is a short-sighted love which induces a father to enslave himself to give his children social advantages which he missed in youth.

A father belongs to his home more than he belongs to either church or state. If every father would spend one hour each evening in active association with his family, it would forestall the necessity of much of our present-day propaganda.

It takes intelligence to keep the confidence of your boy, so that he will freely talk to you of his own life and needs.

The race cannot be improved without individual self-giving, but such self-giving should be balanced equally between fatherhood and motherhood.

Topics for Discussion

To be divided as evenly as possible between June 10, -17 and 24

1. What is the difference between individuality and personality?
2. What is the most potent factor in developing your child's personality?
3. What temporal advantages are you giving to your children, because you missed similar advantages in your youth?
4. How can one be loyal to one's Church and state and yet be true and generous to his own family?
5. How shall we overcome the apparent difficulty of securing and maintaining the confidence of our children?

Life's Mirror

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave;
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.



THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT



John M. Mills, Chairman; George H. Wallace, Robert L. Judd and Albert E. Bowen

First Year—The Apostles of Jesus Christ

LESSONS FOR JUNE

Text: "The Apostles of Jesus Christ,"
By Edward H. Anderson

First Sunday, June 3, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I must be an active member in this Church if I am to be saved? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Second Sunday, June 10, 1923

The Effects of Gospel Teaching.

- a. On unbelievers—Conversions. Text pp. 95-96, 106-107; Acts 2:41-47, Acts 4:4; Acts 5:12-16, 28.
- b. On lives of believers.—Unity of purposes and possessions. Text 100-105; Acts 2:42-46; 4:23-37.
- c. On the Priests and Rulers.—Fear for consequences of their deeds and for the continuance of their powers. Text pp. 100-107-111; Acts 4:13-18; 5:17-29, 34-42.

Stress the thought that the purpose of acceptance of the Gospel teaching is to work a reformation of life.

Third Sunday, June 17, 1923

Growth Required Extended Organization
Text: Chapter 16.

a. Spiritual ministry and Temporal ministry—the calling of the Seven. Acts 6:1-7.

b. The Temporal and Spiritual not separated.

1. Stephen—Acts 6:8.

- (a) Accusations against him, Acts 6:9-15.
- (b) His defense—Epitome of history of Israel. Acts 7:1-60.
- (c) Separation of Christianity from Judaism—Text chap. 17.

Fourth Sunday, June 24, 1923

Written Review

Second Quarter, 1923

1. What does resurrection mean as applied to the body?
2. Why do you believe in a resurrection of the body?
3. Who is the Holy Ghost?
4. What is the office of the Holy Ghost?
5. Were the Apostles able to appreciate

the Gospel plan before receiving the Holy Ghost? Give reasons for your answer.

(Note): Answer any three of the above.

Advanced Theological DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS

LESSONS FOR JUNE

First Sunday, June 3, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I must be an active member in this Church if I am to be saved? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Second and Third Sundays, June 10, 17,
1923

Section 107

(This outline is designed for the work of two Sundays, division to be made by the teacher)

The Priesthood is the governing power in the Church and is so organized as to insure orderly operation.

1. Two grand divisions of the Priesthood.—Verses 1 and 6.
 1. The Melchizedek Priesthood.
 - a. History of the name—verses 2-4.
 - b. Its supremacy and privileges—Verses 5, 8, 18, 19.
 - c. Offices in this Priesthood, their organization and authority.
 - d. Its order of descent—Verses 40-57.
 - (1) Its presidency—verses 22, 65-67, 91, 92.
 - (2) The Twelve Apostles—their duties and calling—Verses 23, 24, 33, 35, 38, 39.
 - (3) High Priests—their duties and powers—Verses 10, 12.
 - (4) Seventy—quorums and duties—Verses 25, 26, 34, 93-97.
 - (5) Elders—organization and duties—Verses 7, 11, 12, 60, 89, 90, 98.
 - (6) Its governing powers—all members amendable.—Verses 79-84, 26-32.
 2. The Aaronic Priesthood.
 - a. History of the name—Verses 13-14.
 - b. Its presidency—verses 15-17, 88.

- c. Its powers and authority—verse. 20.
- d. Offices in the Priesthood. Quorums and organization.
 - (1) Priests—verses 61, 86-88.
 - (2) Teachers—verses 62, 89-90.
 - (3) Deacons—verse 85.
- 3. High Council.
 - a. Traveling —the Twelve.
 - b. Standing—verses 36-37.
- 4. Bishops—Verses 15, 17, 68-78.
- 5. Spirit in which authority is to be exercised—Verse 30.

Written Review
Second Quarter—June 24, 1923

- 1. What is the difference between revelations given for the guidance of the Church and those given for the guidance of individuals?
- a. Why were individual revelations given?
- 2. What are the duties of a Bishop?
- 3. What is the Word of Wisdom? Under what circumstances was it given?
- 4. How is a High Council organized and what are its duties?



SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

*Harold G. Reynolds, Chairman; Horace H. Cummings, J. Leo Fairbanks and
T. Albert Hooper*

First Year—Church History

LESSONS FOR JUNE

First Sunday, June 3, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I must be an active member in this Church if I am to be saved? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Second Sunday, June 10, 1923

Lesson 15

Title: Zion's Camp.—A Training Camp for Great Church Leaders.

Aim: The Lord prepares His servants to assume responsibility.

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," chapter 15.

Teachers' Reference: "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pp. 188-194; or "Missouri Persecutions" pp. 101-110; or "Doctrine and Covenants" section 103; or "History of the Church," Volume I, chapters 5, 6, 7, or 8; or "Essentials in Church History," chapter 20; or "Life of Joseph Smith," chapters 27, 28, 29; or "Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt."

Suggestive outline:

1. Purpose of Zion's Camp.
2. The tedious march and incidents by the way.
3. Arrival in Missouri and proposals made by enemy delegates.
4. The Lord's method of redeeming the center stake of Zion.
5. The great lesson to the Saints.

Emphasize the hardihood of those who undertook the journey, obstacles in the way, the thorough training imposed upon the men who undertook the journey, and the preparation for subsequent events.

How has this training been beneficial to our people in establishing themselves in the mountains?

Third Sunday, June 17, 1923

Lesson 16

Title: Radiating Influences of the Church at Kirtland.

Aim: Revelation is a guiding principle in our Church.

Pupil's Text: "A Young Folk's History of the Church," chapter 16.

Teacher's References: "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pp. 195-197; or "Church History," Vol. I, chapter 341, Vol. II; or "Life of Joseph Smith," chapters 30, 31, 32; or "Essentials in Church History," chapter 22; or "Doctrine and Covenants," section 87.

Suggestive outline:

1. The Saints at Kirtland prospered.
2. Important organizations within the Church perfected (First Presidency, School of Prophets, High Council, Patriarch.)
3. Important revelations for guiding the Saints. (Civil war predicted and proposed solution of difficulty; The Word of Wisdom given as a code of proper living for all Saints.)
4. Impending storms to scatter the beneficial influences of the Church.
5. The importance of these events in our lives today.

Fourth Sunday, June 24, 1923
Written Review

Answer any three questions:

1. How did early persecutions help the members of our Church?
2. Why did the Lord wish to establish a Zion central stake?
3. Tell what you know about the benefits of the Word of Wisdom?

Third Year—"What it Means to be a 'Mormon'"

LESSONS FOR JUNE

First Sunday, June 3, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I must be an active member in this Church if I am to be saved? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Suggestions to Teachers:—The outlines of the lesson as given in the superintendents' department in this issue, will indicate how you can stimulate your class to reply to this question.

Second Sunday, June 10, 1923

Chapter 14.—An Answer to Prayer

Aim: The sincere prayers of the righteous will bring needed blessings.

Suggestions to Teachers:—After your class has discussed the story told in the text the class itself should have an opportunity to relate personal experiences bearing on prayer. The teachers should have a number of such stories ready and should relate them; "Leaves From My Journal" and others of the faith promoting series.

As a conclusion, permit the boys and girls to give their views on the spirit and the order of prayer; how we should pray; the thought and sincerity we should put into prayer; the reality of the fact that prayers are literally heard and answered. The point is, your class should be impressed with the idea that prayer

must not be a matter of routine or habit, but a premeditated act of approaching our Heavenly Father in gratitude and in an appeal for the things we need. Stress that point today.

Third Sunday, June 17, 1923

Subject: Faith Wins God's Blessings.

Text:—Chapter 15, of the text book.

Study carefully the review questions at the end of the chapter in your text before assigning this lesson.

Place upon the members of the class the responsibility of reading to the class the following passages of scripture:

Doc. & Cov., 10:46-52; Enos 1:16; Doc. & Cov. 52:20; Ether 12:12; Matt. 13:58; Doc. & Cov. 103:36, 18:19; Romans 10: 17, 14; Doc. & Cov. 63:9-11; Alma 32: 17, 18; Mark 16:17, 18.

The diligent teacher will find many other passages to refer to that will make clear the meaning and necessity of faith; and the blessings to be obtained through faith. Have the pupils relate experiences substantiating the point of the lesson. Let incidents of current events on this subject be given prominence.

Fourth Sunday, June 24, 1923

Topic: Review.

Provide your class with the necessary equipment, and present to them the questions prepared for their consideration by the General Board. Explain what is meant by the questions.

Written Review

1. Name some of the Reformers and tell what they accomplished.
2. Why did the Lord establish His Church again in our day?
3. Write a brief account of Joseph Smith's Life.
4. What do you mean by authority?
5. Why were the early Saints persecuted?

Success

"No real man ever reaches what he calls 'success,'" said one of the biggest business men in this country. No one with high ideals is ever satisfied with his own achievement. With every high point gained, some higher peak still looms ahead. Because the high spirit reaches earth's last boundary and finds the goal still unattained, there must be new opportunities still waiting beyond. Even the desert mirage is but a reflection of what really exists somewhere.

FIRST-INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

George M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows, John W. Walker, Adam Bennion, and Alfred C. Rees

First Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR JUNE

First Sunday, June 3, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I must be an active member in this Church if I am to be saved? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Second Sunday, June 10, 1923

Text: Ether 1-3; Genesis 10:1-9.

Subject: Story of the Jaredites.

To Teachers: As an introduction, relate to the class the circumstances dealing with the finding of the plates by the Nephites in the wilderness; then tell them how at a later date a prophet by the name of Mormon was given the key to translate these records, just as Joseph Smith was able to translate the Book of Mormon; that in the Book of Ether which is found in the Book of Mormon there is given the history of the Jaredites.

Then proceed with the story.

Genesis 10:1-9:

I. Condition after the flood.

1. The world re-peopled.

2. Growth of wickedness.

II. Building of the Tower.

1. People lack faith in the Lord.

2. They hope to escape another flood by erecting a tower.

3. Their language is confused.

4. All construction on the tower is stopped.

5. People are scattered.

Now turn to the story as given in Ether 1-3, taking up the thread of history from the Bible record.

III. Jared and Brother.

1. Man of faith.

2. Their cry unto the Lord.

3. The Lord's commands and promises.

IV. The Journey.

1. Preparation.

2. Gathering of families, flocks and herds, seeds and provisions.

V. Incidents.

1. Jared's brother beholds the Lord.

2. Camp made at seashore.

3. Building the vessels.

4. Light furnished by the Lord.
5. They arrive in promised land.

VI. Growth and Decay.

1. Jaredites become mighty people.
2. Intense wickedness reigns.
3. Their destruction follows.
4. Finding of record that tells this history.

Of what value to your class is all this knowledge of the rise and fall of that mighty people? What contact can you make with their lives? What is the outstanding thought of the lesson? It is this: We are blessed or punished, whether as a nation or as an individual, according to our own acts.

When were the Jaredites blessed? Why did punishment come upon them? Under what condition does the Lord bless us today? How is He blessing the Latter-day Saints? What must we do if He is to continue blessing us? How can boys and girls assist in keeping the blessings among this people? Name the things we can, and should do. Tell what the Lord asks us to do.

In these days, when nations are crumbling, teachers will not lack for current material to impress the class what can befall nations and how necessary it is for us to live in obedience to the principles of the Gospel if we are to be preserved.

Third Sunday, June 17, 1923

Text: Mosiah, Chapters 23-24.

Subject: Delivery of Alma and his people.

To Teacher: Read Alma's description of his travels and tribulations in the wilderness. Try to visualize these things and then present the picture to your class so it will stimulate their imagination. This story can be made to appeal strongly to their religious sense.

I. Alma's Flight.

1. The Lord's warning.

2. Arrival in new home.

II. Happenings.

1. Alma declines to be king.

2. He is made high priest.

3. Prosperity reigns.

4. People continue righteous.

III. Lamanites and Amulon.

1. Lamanites discover Alma.

2. Alma seeks peace.

3. Lamanites break promise.

4. Amulon made king.
5. Alma and people in bondage.

IV. Reign of Amulon.

1. False doctrines taught.
2. Written language taught among Lamanites.
3. Riches and wickedness increase.
4. Alma persecuted.
5. People forbidden to pray to the Lord.

V. Power of Prayer.

1. Silent prayer for delivery.
2. Lord directs them to flee.
3. Preparations made.
4. Miraculous escape effected.
5. Arrival of people at Zarahemla.
5. Rejoicing.

Teachers have here the striking illustration of the power of prayer. May we then take as the central thought for today: The Lord does hear the sincere prayer. Picture the sublime faith of Alma and his people as demonstrated in their prayer, then bring that lesson home. Why did the little boy Joseph Smith go to the grove? What were the results? Does the Lord answer prayers today? Has anyone in the class some experience concerning prayer, that they will relate? Why have boys and girls today need for prayer? Teachers should give them an opportunity to name the numerous undertakings and tasks which boys and girls are asked to perform today in which they may, and should, ask through prayer for the help of the Lord. Teachers, too, should come prepared to relate experiences and incidents on this subject.

Fourth Sunday, June 24, 1923

Review Questions

1. Do you think that Ammon was a good man? Write a little story about him.
2. Why were the Jaredites destroyed?
3. Which story in the Book of Mormon do you like the best? Tell something about it.

Third Year—Life of Christ

LESSONS FOR JUNE

First Sunday, June 3, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I must be an active member in this Church if I am to be saved? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Second Sunday, June 10, 1923

Lesson 15

Text: Weed's "A Life of Christ for the Young."

Lesson: Chapters 31 and 32.

Subject: The Savior Demonstrates His Power and Authority.

To Teachers: In chapter 31, fasten the attention of the class upon the wonderful healing power of the Savior.

I. Jesus Heals Daughter of Jairus.

- a. The father asked the Savior to come.
- b. Jesus goes to the home.
- c. He dismisses the mourners.
- d. A little group gather in sick room.
- e. Parents have faith in the Savior.
- f. Savior commands girl to rise.
- g. She returns to life.

At this point, ask the children if they know of any one who has been healed by faith. Let them recite incidents. You, as teacher, should have one or two such experiences to relate. Bring out the fact by questioning that the elders today exercise the power of healing because they are called to do it by the Savior—the same one who healed the little daughter of Jairus.

Ask, too, if boys and girls in your class do have faith. How can boys and girls increase in faith? What benefit is it to a person to have great faith? The result of such questioning should be that they will see the relation between keeping the commandments of the Lord and the possession of faith.

References: Matt. 8:18-26; Luke 8:4-56.

Chapter 32 deals especially with the call of the Twelve Apostles.

II. Jesus Appoints Twelve Apostles.

- a. Purpose.

- b. Duties.

Here is your opportunity to show the necessity of there being officers in the Church to conduct and manage the affairs of the Lord's Church. Relate to them how the Lord commanded through Joseph Smith that twelve Apostles be named in our Church. Find out if they know that we have twelve Apostles today. See if they know their names. Tell them what the Apostles of the Church do. Apostle McKay is now out in the world, taking charge of the missionary work in Europe. He is clothed with the same power as the one sent out by the Savior in the early Church. Make it clear how our organization is the same as the one in the Church at the Savior's

time, and that it is the only Church that does have that same organization. The purpose of this lesson is to inspire a deep regard for our Church organization, and a respect for our leaders, whom the Lord has appointed. Query: How can that regard and respect be shown by boys and girls of your class?

Reference: Luke 9:48.

Third Sunday, June 17, 1923

Lesson 16

Text: Chapters 33, 34, 35, 36.

Subject: Jesus is Master over the Elements.

To Teachers: In presenting the lesson of the "Feeding of the Five Thousand," and of "His walking upon the waters," let it be with the thought that He did those things because He was Master over the elements. His greater intelligence and knowledge made it possible for Him to do what others call "Miracles."

References: Matt. 1: 3-12; Mark 6: 17-29; Matt. 14:13-14; Mark 6: 32-34; Luke 9:13-17; Matt. 14:15-21; Mark 6: 36-44; Luke 9:12-17; Matt. 14:22-36; Mark 6:45-56.

In order, however, to apply these principles to the lives of your boys and girls it will be necessary to look into your

own Church history to see if, by that same power—the priesthood—things have been done by the Elders of this Church, which, too, might be called by others—"miracles."

The Lord, when He established His Church in these days, gave power to our Elders to perform wonderful things in His name. Healings, answers to prayers, providing for the missionaries, raising up friends for them, leading the missionaries to people who had been waiting to hear the Gospel—these are some of the many evidences that we have today that the Lord has given power and authority to His Elders.

These lessons offer a big opportunity to picture in a very impressive, gripping manner these two scenes—the feeding of the multitude and the walking upon the waters.

Fourth Sunday, June 24, 1923

Written Review Questions

1. What can boys and girls do who have faith?
2. Name some things the Savior did that makes you think He loves us.
3. Why does the Lord have a Church with Apostles and Elders and other officers?

Carrying it Through the Week

"I certainly got more good out of the service because Alice Shreves was in the pew ahead of me," said an old friend of Alice's. "She entered into the service so earnestly. She sang every hymn heartily, as if she meant every word. She listened to the sermon attentively; and I feel sure that she entered into the devotional spirit of the prayers just as sincerely. She is a worthy member of our church, an influence and example for good to the rest of the young folks."

"Indeed she is," came the hearty assent. "The best of it is, too, that she carries the same spirit, the same earnestness, the same good influence, through the week. She is the friendliest little soul alive, and I often think, as I see her going about in that quiet, pleasant way of hers,

giving a smile and greeting here, a little helpful service there, how well she is living out in her daily life the worship that she enters into so devoutly on Sundays."

Had Whittier known Alice, he would have said of her that she was carrying out his own thought along that line: "To worship rightly is to love each other; each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

Perhaps he knew some other Alice, who made it plain to all who knew her how well one's worship can be carried through the week. If he knew you, could he say it of you? Can those who do know you say it? If not, there is something wrong with your worship. If they can, then you are getting out of your worship on Sunday what it is meant to give you.—Exchange.



PRIMARY DEPARTMENT



Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Frank K. Seegmiller; assisted by Florence Horre Smith, Bessie F. Foster and Mabel Cook

LESSONS FOR JUNE

First Sunday, June 3, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I must be an active member in this Church if I am to be saved?

Reference: Uniform Fast Day lesson as outlined in the Superintendents' Department.

Aim: If I wish to be loved and saved by Jesus, I must do the good things He taught me.

Point of Contact: When should good children say their prayers? Why? Yes, that is right. Before going to bed, so that Jesus will keep them safe, and as they rise in the morning, so that He will guide and guard them all of the day.

Lesson Statement:

But there are many other things that we ought to do if we are to be loved and saved by Jesus. What are some of them? Yes, that's very true. Going to Sunday School, paying our tithing, partaking of the Sacrament, observing Fast Day, keeping the Sabbath day holy. All of these things we should do. And we ought never to forget to do them. It does not do much good if we go to Sunday School only once a year, or pay tithing only about one-fourth of the time. Jesus expects us to be good all of the time. Then we may be sure that he will love us. When we do these things all of the time we are active members of the Church and Jesus loves that kind of boys and girls.

Shall I tell you about a little boy who was this kind of child? He lived way off in Germany. The elders came to his house. His mother was a poor widow, but she liked to have the missionaries and used to invite them to dinner. Frederick the boy, always was glad when they came. When eight years of age, he was baptized and had hands laid on him for the gift of the Holy Ghost. He lived two miles from the meetinghouse, but he went to the Sunday School every Sunday. He used to run errands. When he got money he always paid his tith-

ing although he was poor. Soon he was made a deacon and passed the Sacrament in the church. He always wanted to come here to Zion, but was always too poor. He died in the world war. Where do you think this good boy went when he died? Don't you think Jesus was glad to have such a good boy come to heaven?

Application:

And so if we wish to be loved by Jesus and saved by Him we must do what is right. What things must we do? That's right—go to Sunday School, go to Primary and especially be always kind to our parents and everybody else.

Lesson 19—The Laws of the Lord

Text: Exodus 19:20.

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories."

Second Sunday, June 10, 1923

Lesson 20.—A Strange Conquest

Text: Joshua 1: 3; 4: 5; 6:1-16; 24.

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories."

Third Sunday, June 17, 1923

Lesson 21.—A Daughter's Devotion

Text: Book of Ruth.

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories."

Fourth Sunday, June 24, 1923

Lesson 22.—A Boy Who Lived in a Temple

Text: I Samuel 1; 2; 3.

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories."

Preview of June Lessons

(For Teachers)

1. What has been the influence of the ten commandments on the world? Which ones should be emphasized in teaching Primary children?

2. How do the deeds of Joshua show that greatness has its foundation in early life? (See Exodus 17:8-13; 24: 13; 32:17; 33:11; Numbers 11:28; 13:3-6; 14:6-10.)

3. How did the Lord aid Joshua and

Israel in conquering the land of Canaan? (Joshua 3; 6:1-20.) How does Joshua's beautiful statement "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" explain his success?

4. How did Ruth show her devotion

to her friends and God? What was her reward?

5. Compare Samuel's early life with the early experiences of the Prophet Joseph Smith. What was his reward for serving God while young?



KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT



Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Charles J. Ross; assisted by Ina Johnson and Blanche Love Gee

LESSONS FOR JUNE

Songs for the Month:

"The Birds' Nest." Gaynor I.

"Pansies," p. 127. D. S. S. Song Book.
"Don't Kill the Little Birds" D. S. S. Songs.

Rest Exercises:

1. Representation of birds flying.
2. The playing of musical instruments.

Aim for the Month:

Kindness to brothers and sisters and respect for God's creations bring peace and happiness.

Program:

I Opening.

1. Gathering of wraps.
2. Song practice.
3. Hymn.
4. Prayer.
5. Song.
6. Rest period.

II Group Work.

1. Memory Gem—Sacrament Gem.
2. Lesson.

III Closing.

1. Passing of wraps.
2. Song.
3. Benediction.

First Sunday, June 3, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that I must be an active member in this Church if I am to be saved?

Helps: Doctrine and Covenants, section 20.

Note: Talk with the children of the many blessings which are given the members of this Church. In order that we may receive them Heavenly Father has a work for us. Discuss briefly letting the children tell you all they can about the following:

1. The blessing and naming of children.
2. Baptism when eight years of age.

3. The Holy Ghost (a companion to guide). Heavenly Father wants boys and girls to attend Sunday School, Primary and Religion Class, to show Him they are happy to be little members of this Church after being baptized.

4. Boys may become deacons.
5. Boys and girls may teach the little children, when they are older.
6. Some may go on missions like fathers and big brothers do.

Try to create a desire to do some work in the Church, especially while young.

Second Sunday, June 10, 1923

Subject: Our Bird Friends.

Text: Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten.

Lesson 16.—First Year Outline.

Note: Use all the good pictures of birds which can be obtained. Let the children tell all they can of their color, size, habits, etc. How can we best help our little bird friends?

Third Sunday, June 17, 1923

Subject: The Good Samaritan.

Text: Luke 10:25-37.

Note: It will be helpful to have the teachers sing, "If There's Sunshine in Your Heart." Explain its meaning to the children and then make your application.

Fourth Sunday, June 24, 1923

Subject: David's Kindness to the King.

Text. 1 Samuel 16:14-23.

Suggestive memory gem for this lesson:

"Children, do you love each other,
Are you always kind and true,
Do you always do to others
What you'd have them do to you?"

TEACHER-TRAINING DEPARTMENT

HELPS IN TEACHER TRAINING

Written for the General Church Board of Education by L. John Nuttall, Brigham Young University

Habit and Habit Formation

(To accompany Lesson 5. of "How We Learn," Teacher-Training. Text. 1923.)

Why does a mother feel ashamed when the little boy of the home grabs at the food and heaps his plate? She evidently feels that somewhere she has not done her duty, that the boy's conduct in some way reflects on her to her social disadvantage. The duty she thus unconsciously feels is that she should constantly work to direct the instinctive actions of her child into proper habits. The situation is a table full of food and full of dishes. Instinct impels him to get plenty. Social propriety says he should control this food getting behavior along so called good-mannered ways. Good manners are habits either formed or forming. As teachers we all face the same duty as this mother. The situation is a beautiful Sunday. What shall the child do? Can we help him form the habit of church attendance? The child is at church. How can it be assured that he will be reverent? It is necessary for health that one washes oneself before eating. How can this habit be developed in children?

As the outline suggests, habits are good and bad as judged by other people or social standards. To say "it is me," is bad, to say "it is I" is good. When a boy hits his finger with a hammer it is good to say "Ouch;" it is bad to say "damn." When we consider how habits begin we are face to face with a condition that is interesting. The habits that are formed are the actions that brought satisfactory results in their beginnings. Babies form the habit of crying for everything because they get things that way. Children longing for attention repeat the action that gets that attention. The boy who said "damn" and was rewarded by having his exploit repeated to father by mother and then laughed at is surely happy, so he repeats it. The boy who refrains from Sunday morning trips to go to Sunday School is laughed at and jeered by other boys and then is bored by a poorly taught lesson at the hands of an

irritable teacher and is not praised or noticed. These are illustrations of the famous Law of Effect in habit formation. Reward pleasantly the action you want repeated, punish unpleasantly the action you do not want repeated.

If, therefore, you would help pupils form the habits that are desired, you should first know what these desired habits are. Many of us don't. A habit is a specific automatic response to a given situation. To function therefore an action must be performed under natural conditions. A boy hears a word and spells it. He has formed a habit. He later needs to write the word but misspells it. Why? The habit formed is:

"Hear the word—spell it." The habit needed is:

"Think the word—write it." This habit has never been formed.

A boy grows up safely guarded by his father and by asking the parent spends his money wisely and saves. He later goes out to work alone and becomes a spendthrift. Why? The habit formed is:

"Ask advice—spend well and save." The habit needed is:

"Decide what to do—spend well and save."

These illustrations serve to make clear a second part of this psychological law which states "Put together the things you want to go together." More specifically, habit is a response to a situation. We should see to it that the natural situation brings out the desired response. Habits that will work cannot be formed by associating a good response to some stimulus other than the one to be met in life.

Practically, then, we may restate the whole principle thus:

Put the things together you want together, reward the right response, make wrong actions unpleasant.

How can teachers connect with real situations. This is a difficult question, but can be answered largely by saying: Teach from real life problems and true biography so that the situations are as natural as possible. Most habits begin, however, before formal teaching begins. Let us take through our first illustration. The table is set for a special dinner. What shall the boy do the first time he meets the situation? There are six ways in which the first response will be determined.

1. Instinct may control as suggested above.

2. The hunger may not be strong so

that no definite instinctive response is ready, so the boy moves at random and does something, or makes varied movements.

3. Some special mind set on attitude may determine the action. The mother may wonder how the guest will like the salad. The boy watches to find out and therefore sits rather quiet. The mother may ask the boy to be the last at the table. This set or attitude may prevail.

4. The boy may respond to only a part of the situation. The novelty may cause him to eat more curious than hungry. The guest may be older and the submissive tendency may respond to this factor and the boy be non-aggressive.

5. Perhaps the boy has eaten at school and has taken turns. He notes the similarity of the guest situation and responds accordingly by insisting on his turn.

6. He may guide his action by imitation.

Whatever the determining factor he will act and will be acting under natural conditions. If he appears greedy, rude, hasty, noisy, a suggestion or reproof should be given in order to show the displeasure of the rewarding agent and if the misconduct is very serious some denial of pleasure should follow. The boy should not, however, be denied appearance at the table next time. Should the boy act quietly, remain patient, and on the whole do well, it should not be forgotten, for this then is real habit formation. The other is habit prevention. Praise the boy, indirectly at the table, later by compliment and privilege and then give him opportunity to meet the situation again. Whether it be this illustration or others the teacher's place is to suggest right fire responses. This can be done by building the mind set or attitudes. A story, an example well rewarded, will do this. She may analyze the situation and call attention to parts that will call up proper action, or she may furnish an example for imitation. Don't merely have the pupil begin with a strong initiative but have him begin right with enthusiasm.

The beginning of a habit in this way is a conscious deliberate process. Many habits begin unconsciously in random activity. Such actions as become habits are selected because they worked well and brought satisfactory results. When an act is thus made in a given situation and works, how does it become automatic, definite and sure as a habit? The answer is the second big law contributed by recent psychology: Repeat the response frequently enough and for a long enough period to make the connection in the nervous system between the ap-

pearance of the situation to the senses and the proper action by the muscles a permanent pathway. This is the law of frequency or repetition. Just mere repeating will not do, however. The one forming habit must repeat with interest and with the purpose of learning. If a boy is kept after school for some disciplinary reasons and is asked to write a word many times or work one hundred problems his purpose is not to learn but to get out of school. His work will probably be worse at the end than at the beginning. The learner whose purpose it is to improve keeps a record in some form of his progress in the forming of the habit and thus keeps interested and improves with practice.

What can the teacher do in habit formation? She can provide the situation or help realize it. She can guide the first response to accuracy. She can endeavor by her enthusiasm to make this beginning striking. She can control the rewards for good action. She can insist on practice for improvement.

Most of the teachers, however, are thinking of another problem. A child has lived, played and worked, and has formed habits that have served his individual needs very well. The teacher knows the social situations and knows that the child with these habits will have difficulty. She teaches the new principle of right conduct and the child finds himself torn between intellect and habit. Habit generally will prevail unless it is counteracted by other habits. The new principle is not enough. A child spends every cent he gets for candy. This is a bad habit, but is very satisfying. To teach thrift is not enough. To deny money is not enough. A little bank, a box, a purse, something to do with the money is needed. Money should be given and used properly. Then each time the suggestion of proper use should be made. Breaks should be prevented. A new controlled channel for sufficient candy should be provided. In fact, habit breaking is a double process of habit formation and instruction is therefore difficult. All of the things a teacher can do will not form the habit in the other. The cooperation of the pupil must be had. The learner must form the habit. Economy in life's activity demands an habitual response to every situation which stays relatively the same through life. Habit is thus a big part of life. All of the instincts are modified by the above process into habits, and this process is part of learning.

The Stream of Consciousness

(To accompany Lesson 6, "How We Learn," Teacher Training Text, 1923)

If we stop sometime in our busy life and try to see what has been taking place in our minds for a short period of time we shall study a wonderful process. In a little while one attacks a problem in business, solves it, calls a helper and gives instructions, but in so doing he notices the new dress of the office girl, and he recalls his daughter at home, wonders if the whole family are well, then is suddenly forced to look out of the window because of some unusual noise. After investigating, he again comes back to his desk, notices the newspaper for the first time, though it had been there all the time, reads, forms a judgment on some phase of the day's public affairs, reads about a fire, recalls an expired insurance policy, goes back to his desk for this and begins his work again. To follow step by step would mean to study the processes of thinking, expression, imagination, instinct of responding to unusual noises, judgment, perception, memory, thinking. All of these mental processes go on yet the man is not aware of himself very much, if at all, and certainly feels no breaks in the mental life as each act is performed. He is not concerned with the process but all is part of himself and he thinks of all as meanings of the world about him.

In addition to the things of which the man is thus aware there are many other things happening to him. His clothing is touching his body, a radiator may be making a slight noise, there may be noises from other parts of the building. Of these he is not aware or conscious. He may be made to notice them by their becoming more intense or by someone suggesting them. So at any time we are conscious or aware of some of the things happening about us because of activity within us. We are not aware of other things as happening, but consciousness may shift to these. These moves are not by breaks or shifts, but by association or instinct from one thing to another they make up the whole of mental life. This fact of the unity of consciousness and the continuous relations existing between the various phases of mental life is illustrated in all of the lessons of the year. Every day life will convince us all that each of us is an organized unit functioning all together for the accom-

plishment of our purposes. Thus mental life and consciousness are always going on.

Not only is mental life or consciousness going on all the time but it is constantly changing. Because we are blessed with the ability to retain the effect of experience when we repeat a conscious act, it is not the same but is accompanied by recognition as known before. James says, "What I wish to lay stress on is this: that no state once gone can reoccur and be identical with what it was before. Now we are seeing, now hearing, now reasoning, now willing, now recollecting, now expecting, now loving, now hating; and in a hundred other ways we know our minds to be alternately engaged. But all these are complex states, it may be said, produced by combinations of simpler ones. Do not the simpler ones follow a different law? Are not the sensations which we get from the same object, for example, always the same? Does not the same piano-key, struck with the same force, make us hear in the same way? Does not the same grass give us the same feeling of green, the same sky the same feeling of blue, and do we not get the same olfactory sensation no matter how many times we put our nose to the same flask of cologne? It seems a piece of metaphysical sophistry to suggest that we do not; and yet a close attention to the matter shows that there is no proof that an incoming current ever gives us just the same bodily sensation twice."

Not only this fact but another should be more fully stated. At any time the objects or acts of which we are conscious are not known with the same degree of clearness. Of sensation, Woodworth says, "Of two stimuli acting at once upon us, we are the more conscious of that one which catches our attention; of two acts that we perform simultaneously, that one is more conscious that is performed attentively.

"We need not be entirely unconscious of the act or the stimulus to which we are not attending. We may be dimly conscious of it. There are degrees of consciousness. Suppose, for example, you are looking out of the window while "lost in thought." You are most conscious of the matter of your thoughts, but conscious to a degree of what you see out of the window. Your eyes are focused on some particular object outside, and you are more conscious of this than of other objects seen in indirect vision, though even of these last you are not altogether unconscious. Conscious-

ness shades off from high light to dim background."

In thought we always have a focal element and connected with it is a fringe of related topics. James says, "Consciousness is always interested more in one part of its object than in another, and welcomes and rejects, or chooses, all the while it thinks." A teacher in a grammar class wrote the sentence on the board, "The large ball was thrown to the boy." She then attempted to analyze the sentence to show the function of the adjec-

tive large. When asked what word preceded ball, a boy answered "basket." The word ball had driven from the focal part of consciousness all suggestion of grammer and had led the boy to think intensely of game and contest.

As teachers we should understand these general characteristics of mental life. Largely the determining force in selecting what will be in the focus of consciousness is interest. The focusing is the process or condition of attention.

RELIGION CLASSES

Written for the General Church Board of Education by Harrison R. Merrill, Brigham Young University

WHY NOT PROMOTION EXERCISES FOR RELIGION CLASSES?

I had occasion to take a long ride with a friend last spring. The road was new to me and after we had traveled a while I asked him when we would reach our destination.

"Anxious to arrive, are you? That's a sign of youth; I thought you had grown up," he bantered.

"I'm nearly old," I replied, "but I still like to come to the end of a journey."

"All kids do," he answered. "Older people enjoy the trip. Look at that cliff over there, or that shimmer of purple among the sage. Let's enjoy that now. We'll arrive soon enough."

As I pondered over his words I discovered in them a great truth. Youth does like to arrive somewhere. It is the old story of the long row and short row of turnips: the boy can hoe a long row if that row is broken up into sections. He always asks, "Where are we going? How far is it?"

The educators have recognized this truth and, as a result have broken up primary schools into eight sections, and each section into shorter sections of four weeks.

The boy is permitted to arrive monthly, yearly, in eight years, again in four, and still again in another four. The boy knows where he is going. He also has an idea of the distance.

In Religion Class work it would be well to follow this principle. Too many class-

es have had no objectives. Many teachers have not taken the trouble to learn even the direction or the distance. They have taken fiery youngsters on weekly religious excursions, but have not set up any objective or goal. At the close of the school year they have merely dismissed the last class with a few admonitions and have announced that Religion Class is over for another year.

How much finer is the Weber way. In Ogden, according to information that has reached me, the closing of the Religion Classes is made an important occasion. Graduation and promotion exercises are held in the tabernacle. A special program is prepared and parents and Church authorities are invited to be present to witness the consummation of the Religion Class work. The boys and girls who have attended the classes are made to feel that they have accomplished something. Those who have taken those religious excursions have arrived somewhere and, consequently, are ready and anxious for the next trip.

In some districts it may be impossible to make the occasion as important as the Ogden stakes make it, but there is no reason why every class shouldn't have its promotion exercises and a special program on closing day or on the previous or following Sunday. To me, such exercises seem of prime importance. Boys and girls like to go somewhere, like to arrive. If those who have excused themselves from Religion Class see their friends honored and promoted, it is very

probable that they will be on hand the succeeding year to get their share.

Suggestive Commencement Program

The General Board of Education and the Advisory Committee acting in connection with the Board recommend that wherever possible graduation exercises should be held. Some stakes are presenting printed diplomas to eighth grade graduates who have completed the Religion Class work as outlined by the General Board and local Religion Class officials. Those who have a desire to grant such certificates should communicate with the General Church Board of Education.

The Commencement program which is to be given by the Mount Ogden stake is set forth below. It is thought that other stakes may be able to draw from it suggestions for their own graduation exercises.

Commencement Program

1. Musical Prelude.
2. Chorus, by Religion Class children, led by a graduate.
3. Prayer (in concert).
4. Instrumental duet.
5. Address of welcome, by pupil.
6. Boys' chorus (preferred without music).
7. The commandment that has meant most in my life. (One of the ten commandments) by a graduate.
8. Musical reading.
9. Articles of Faith, repeated in concert by graduates.
10. Valedictory, by pupil of most efficient school.
11. Girls' chorus.
12. Story from Religion Class text, by a graduate.
13. Address to graduates by representative of the Church Board of Education.
14. Presentation of diplomas, by president of Stake Board of Education.
15. Closing song, by Religion Class children, led by a graduate.
16. Benediction, (in concert).

Note: All parts should be rendered by graduates as nearly as practical.

The Language of Education

Since education has become so general, it is coming to have, in every community, no matter how remote, a definite language. The right and wrong ways of doing things are coming to be recognized more and more. In no field is this more

pronounced than in the field of education.

There was a time when methods were as varied as the number of teachers. In those days teachers were recruited from the intelligent or the willing of a community with little inquiry about standards. Necessity precluded standards. There were many children to be taught and few educated people to teach them.

Since that time, teaching has become a profession. A teacher now must measure up to standards set by the state and county. He must know how to teach if he is to obtain a school to teach.

In the old days the problems of the wards was not so great. In every community there were men and women who could give good service in the classes of the auxiliary organizations even though they had had but little experience. In many cases such teachers were equally as good as the teachers of the district schools.

All that is changed now. The district schools are in the hands of teachers who have received careful training in methods. They are experts. As a result, when an inexperienced person takes charge of a class in any of the auxiliaries even the little tots can see a difference. Frequently a good, faithful sister or brother, in spite of careful preparation, finds her or his class lagging in interest. Often-times, too, a person who is an expert with a day school will forget method when taken into a class studying religion. Whether this forgetfulness is caused by lack of preparation or by memories of how the teacher himself was taught in classes of religion it is difficult to say. At any rate, many teachers who are eminently successful in day school are more or less unsuccessful in classes of religion.

The Church, recognizing the shortcomings of its teachers, has established the Teacher-Training class in order that its workers may be taught how to teach religion. In these classes teachers are made acquainted with modern methods.

Robert Lincoln Kelly, writing in the magazine "The Church Schools," says: " * * * The church must learn the language of education. Our boys and girls are speaking that language; they understand it and approve it; the language of the class room, the laboratory, and the athletic field; the language of science, of criticism, of evolution. They are learning in the schools that Jesus was the world's greatest teacher. The churches must not forget that fact."

The L. D. S. Church is not forgetting that fact, but many of its teachers are

Many have not approved by their presence the Teacher-Training Class. Many expert teachers, when they go from the district school into the Religion Class allow their professionalism to drop from them like a cloak that is no longer needed, and slip back, educationally speaking, fifty years. The children often are astounded by the transformation.

The Religion Class, if it is to be eminently successful, must be taught in the "language of education" by the best educational methods.

Tuning Up

By Prof. Walter P. Cottam, B. Y. U.

Song was in the air that wonderful morning of March first. All the feathered folk, at least, seemed to be agreed that the ground-hog for once in his prophetic career had been mistaken. Spring was here on schedule time, and like the recent eclipse of the moon without the variation of a single second.

I shall not soon forget the emotions that stirred my soul as my eyes opened to the dawn of that indescribable March morning. It was as though my consciousness were a tangible something that for the night had left me to be returned at dawn on the wings of song. Slowly this something took command of my senses and I realized that this music, though still sublime, was not dripping from the harps of angels, but from the vibrating throats of my feathered friends of the pastures.

What a combination of voices Nature found when she asked those two loved minstrels of the field, the Meadow-lark and Red Winged Blackbird, to join in a double duet! Surely no better combination could be found to herald the coming of day—to bring mortals from a land of dreams to a consciousness that made Browning sing, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

As I listened to the harmony of their voices and the arrangement of their song, I could hardly believe that they were singing such an anthem extemporaneously. But where did they hold their rehearsals? Where is the chorister whose genius could teach such harmony to voices of such different pitch?

The anthem pleased more than the listeners, for it was sung over and over again—each time with the same theme, but with different modulations impossible to describe.

At first the clear, clarion call of the Meadow-lark fell upon the ear like the

marshal call of some early trumpeter. Seemingly this heralder of day, this early messenger of cheer is alone with his song; but, listen—Redwing is singing an obligato, the fortissimo of which increases as the notes of the Meadow-lark fade away.

Startled at this unusual behavior of Redwing, I listened intently. Three distinct voices were engaged in this accompaniment. The notes, given wings by one stationed on the outer limits of the pasture, were picked up and relayed by another midway along the fence to a sylvan beauty that perched but a hundred yards away.

As I neared a large poplar enroute to my favorite bird haunts which lie in a rather neglected spot along an irrigation ditch, the unmistakable song of the House-finch greeted me. It was that same song that always ends with a question mark, and I wondered what Mr. House-finch had to question that beautiful day. I listened again and decided that he was saying, "It's a dandy, pretty day, don't you think so?" I am certain that this was right, for as I silently acquiesced, my friend chirped and took to wing and repeated again in flight his question for other ears to hear.

The warm, fresh, breath of spring had touched other souls and from the willows came some very unusual notes from the throat of the Song Sparrow. He was doing nothing other than "tuning up,"—and what sport it was to listen! Some careful generalship on my part gave me the rare good fortune to see him at his task. So intent was he on his voice (after a whole winter of inactivity) that he neglected to give his prelude or the characteristic twitch of the head that always accompanies his song.

Anyone who claims acquaintance with the Song Sparrow, knows him to be a faultless singer. There is a sublimity about his song that suggests reverence rather than cheer, and one can hardly help but feel that he is treading on sacred ground when intruding on the privacy of this songster.

As I peered through those willows, fully concealed, and half entranced by my exquisite little artist, the question that came to me earlier in the day reasserted itself—"Where is the leader that can command such a rehearsal?"

This query, I am sure, must always be self answered—and the answer will always be found in those same soul thrills which invite the question: "There's an instinct within us that reaches and towers"—it makes the birds' heart bubble

over with song to be in tune with nature in spring time, and it makes us human folk ascribe to God the wonder of it all. With ears to hear such melody; with eyes to see awakening nature bedecked in ten thousand jewels from the frost of an early March morning; with nostrils to be fed with the freshness of the air that comes only with spring—whose soul could be so dead as to escape the thrills that come when nature begins to tune us, and reassure all of God's creatures that this beautiful earth of ours is the proper location for heaven.

Note: The great out-doors is a suggestive source of good Religion Class material for the spring months.

He that would love life,
And see good days,
Let him refrain his tongue from evil,
And his lips that they speak no guile;
And let him turn away from evil, and do
good.
Let him seek peace, and pursue it.

For the eyes of the Lord are upon the
righteous,
And His ears unto their supplication,
But the fear of the Lord is upon them
that do evil.

—I Peter, from the Modern Reader's
Bible.

I say no man has ever yet been half
devout enough;
None has yet adored or worship'd half
enough;
None has begun to think how divine he
himself is,
And how certain the future is.

I say that the real and permanent grandeur of these
States must be their religion;
Otherwise there is no real or permanent
grandeur;
(Nor character, nor life worthy the name,
without religion;
Nor land, nor man or woman, without
religion.)

—Whitman.

Play the Game

During the great war the Y. M. C. A. huts in France were very interesting. There were American and British and French Y. M. C. A. huts, and each one had its own pretty decorations. Among the British war posters, there was always one printed sign which all who entered could see. It was like this:

Live clean.
Talk clean.
Fight clean.
Play the game.

Every soldier was expected to live in the army and so to fight like a soldier that when the war was over he could say that he had lived clean, talked clean, fought clean and that he had played the game. It is a good motto, and it can be used in peace as in war.

Live Clean.—The soldier was expected to keep himself fit. He was to avoid eating, drinking or doing anything that would make him unfit for service. It was his duty to keep his mind pure and his body pure and his conduct pure. There's a lot of truth and food for thought in the description of Sir Gallahad, "His strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure."

Talk Clean.—To talk clean is to speak

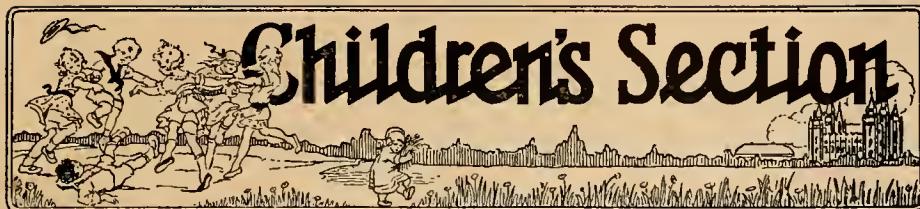
kindly, and to tell the truth. When a boy uses bad language or profane words, or tells a lie, he has forgotten to talk clean. When the people heard Jesus, they were surprised at the "gracious words" which He spoke.

Fight Clean.—The American soldier fought clean. Now that the war is over, there are still many things which we must fight. We can fight evil and sin and poverty and ignorance, and in peace as in war we are to fight even evil with clean hands and pure hearts.

Play the Game.—The best thing about a game is not winning it, but playing it fair. A good player is as good a loser as he is a winner, and all our games are meant to teach us to play fair, to keep sweet, to lose cheerfully and to praise whoever wins. Life is the greatest game of all, and we live best when we keep sweet and true and kind even when things go wrong. The boy who plays the game sings this song:

'It is easy enough to be merry
When things go along with a song,
But the boy wort hwhile is the boy who
smiles
When everything goes dead wrong.'

—Junior Life.



Why Grandfather Frowned and Mother Smiled

By Jennie E. Stewart

George had been working for what seemed to him a long time on a problem that just would not come out right. He knew it wasn't right because he was supposed to be able to "prove it" if it was right and this one would not prove.

Of course the correct answers were in the back of the book but they were not supposed to look at the answers till after they had proved the answers and were sure that they were right.

This time, however, George was sorely tempted to take a peek at the answer, for he had worked and worked and was sure he could never make it come out right. He was just in the act of turning back the leaves when he started nervously and looked up to see his grandfather's eyes looking down upon him in stern disapproval from the pictured face upon the wall directly in front of him.

George dropped the leaves he had turned and fell to work again on the problem with burning cheeks and a new determination. To his delight this time it came out exactly right, and when he turned to the answers and found that the arithmetic agreed with him perfectly he glanced up again but this time it was his mother's warmly approving eyes that looked smilingly into his and made him feel proud all over, for he had changed his position a little and no longer faced his grandfather's portrait.

George worked the remaining problems without any difficulty, copied them all on to the school sheet and went to bed with a feeling of content-

ment in his heart. He was thinking soberly over the incident a moment later when his mother came up for their usual good night talk.

"Why is it, Mother," he asked, "That some pictures seem to be always looking right at you no matter where you sit in the room, and some of them seem to rebuke you while others, like your own for instance, always seem to approve?"

"The reason some pictures always seem to look at you while others do not depends upon the position they took before the camera when the picture was made.

"If they faced directly into the camera they will always look directly into your eyes no difference where you sit or stand in the room in which they hang. If they turned a bit away from the camera they will never look directly at you no matter how directly you may be facing them. As we always like to have people look directly you may be facing them. "As to their smiling or frowning, that depends, too, upon the look they wore when the picture was taken. Your Grandfather was a rather serious minded man and seldom smiled unless he was amused and then he could be as merry as any one. He was never really stern unless we did something of which we had reason to be ashamed, then his look of disapproval was enough to make us want to make things right as quickly as possible."

"That is the funny thing about it Mother," George said, "I have lived with that picture in my room all my life and I never seem to notice the stern look upon his face till I have done or about to do something of

Continued on page 205)



International Doll Cut-Outs—The Little Holland Girl

Use following colors before cutting out:

Girl's face and arms pink; strap over shoulder and waist under arm, dark brown; cat black; upper part of apron green; lower part light yellow; squares on apron yellowish-brown. Make stripes in skirt black with green center; skirt between stripes yellow; shoes and stockings brown; ornament on hat yellowish brown. Cut out hat and dress and fasten to doll with the strips provided.

(From page 203)

which I have a right to feel ashamed, then a look from him always makes me change my mind and do the right thing after all. And someway I never notice much the smile on your face in the picture till I have done something about which I can feel all right myself, then I just naturally look at your picture to catch your approving smile."

"It is really your conscience after all," stated his mother, "When you feel guilty you naturally look to Grandfather's honest eyes for the look which you well know you deserve, when you feel all right with yourself again you

naturally turn to mine for the approval you crave. Perhaps in that state you read more into the eyes of both pictures than is really there, but I am glad you have those two pictures here, after all, to help your conscience find you at just the right time. By and by, as you grow older, your conscience will have no trouble in finding you in all sorts of places and on all sorts of occasions when it will save you from yielding to many temptations. And I hope you will always listen to it and obey the impulse that it gives you to change your mind and always do the thing you know is the right thing, as I know you will."

Mr. Nobody

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse.
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house;
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar;
That squeaking door will always squeak
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid,
Who had them last but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill, the boots
That lying round you see
Are not your boots, they all belong
To. Mr. Nobody.

—Old Rhyme.

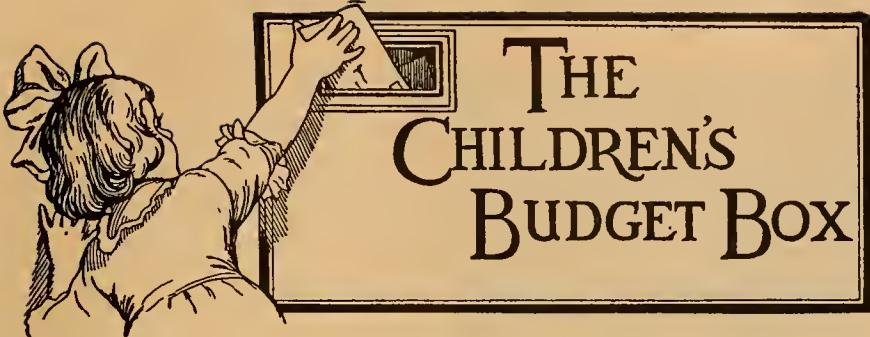


Something to Color

EASTER GREETINGS

By J. A. Bywater

Use the following colors: Chick yellow; trees light green; grass dark green; flower leaves green; flowers yellow; bee's body yellow; wings green; ground around egg shell lighter green.



The Budget Box is written entirely by children under seventeen years of age. To encourage them, the "Juvenile Instructor" offers book prizes for the following. Best original verses of not to exceed twenty lines. Best original stories of not to exceed three hundred words. Best amateur photographs, any size. Best original drawings, black and white.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be black and white on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box, "Juvenile Instructor," 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Thanksgiving Day

Why are we all so happy,
Why are we all so gay?
Because it is Thanksgiving.
A very happy day.

The table now is ready,
The turkey baked so brown,
It is the finest turkey
That ever was in town.

The apples nice and rosy,
Are smiling in the dish;
They look as nice and juicy
As anyone could wish.

Of nuts there are plenty,
And also punkin pie;
Potatoes in the platter
Are piled up mountain high.

Dinner being over,
The table cleared away.
We joined in games and frolics,
Which finished up the day.

Margaret Atwood.
R. D. No. 2, Box 49,
Sandy, Utah.

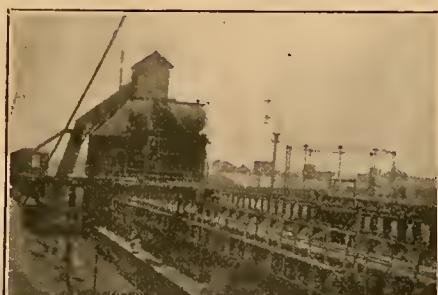
Age 9,

Quidie and Delmon

I have a little sister—
She's sweeter than you knew;
Her hair is like the sunshine,
And her eyes are blue as blue.

I have a little brother—
His name is Delmon Joy,
He plays with me all day—
He is a darling boy.

Burdette Griffiths,
Age 5, Treasureton, Utah.



COKE OVENS, CHESTER, PA.

Photo by Wm. Wilkins,
2315 West Second St.,
Chester, Pa.

Age 11



DRAMATIZATION OF STORY OF JOHN SMITH AND POCOHONTAS
Photo by Pearl Butler,
Age 15

Box 77, Eager, Ariz.

A Chain of Mishaps

Two years ago Nita Wakefield and I were playing. It was on Saturday and seemed a very pleasant day. We were playing around the yard when we came upon the swing. We both wanted to swing at the same time but we couldn't.

At last I thought of the old ladder. We hurried to the side of our house to get it, when I stumbled over a pipe and fell. I got up and we soon were having a merry time swinging and teetering at the same time.

I said to Nita, "See how bright I am in thinking of putting a ladder through a swing and swing and teeter at the same time."

She laughed. We soon were swinging our highest when, pop! the swing broke and we fell. I fell on Dan Wakefield's dog. (You can imagine what was left of him.)

He yelped and started to run after Nita's cat. The cat ran in the barn yard and jumped on the cow's head. Dan ran up and now came a fight. The cat hissed and hissed until it was weak. Its tail must have been as big as a good sized rubber ball. And its back, well, if it hadn't been in Utah, you might have mistaken it for a camel.

Homer was milking the cow when Dan ran directly through his legs,

knocking the milk bucket over. The cow jumped over the fence and ran away. Of course it was hungry and had to go in some grouchy person's lot. Well, the result was that it got put in the stray pen and they had to pay money to get it out. Homer was so angry he locked Nita and me up in the cellar.

And all this trouble came just because I thought of teetering and swinging at the same time.

Willma Boyle,
Age 12, B. Y. U., Provo, Utah.

What I Love

The daisies white are dear to me.

I love their golden eyes.
I love the gold of the butterfly,
And the blue of the brook and skies.
But when a rose, a little red rose
Nods to me from the wall,
I say, "Oh rose, oh dear little rose,
I love you best of all."

Sarah Gleir,
Age 13, Stone, Idaho.



Drawn by Georgia Thomas,
Eureka, Nev.,
Box 325

A Spooky Scare

One dark night I was going to sleep in a room that had been housecleaned. The furniture was not put back in the room that night so there wasn't a thing in the room, except one curtain.

My aunt had passed away two weeks before. The casket containing the body was kept back of this curtain. It used to frighten me very much to go in the room, but that night I felt perfectly safe.

We had just filled the tick full of straw, the one I was to sleep on. Mama put the tick on the floor, but I didn't mind sleeping on the floor a particle.

In about the middle of the night I woke up, and on hearing footsteps, I immediately called mother, who was in the next room. "Mother! Mother! Come here quick! Someone's in my room, and is just scaring me to pieces."

Mama hearing me call, rushed into the room, expecting to see some burglars carrying the contents of the room away, and me included.

"You silly girl there isn't a thing in this room. Go to sleep this minute."

A spooky, creepy, crawly feeling came over me.

Trying to forget my fright and scare, I turned over in bed, intending to go to sleep. As I was dozing, all of a sudden I heard footsteps again. I screamed with all my might, "Mama come here quick, the robbers are in my room again." Mama came rushing in half frightened to death. "Where is the robber child?" "I don't know, but he's here." Lighting the candle again, mother searched the room, and not finding any robber said, "You naughty girl if you don't go to sleep, I'll whip you."

Half scared stiff I turned over to go to sleep. In a minute I felt a pull on the covers.

The spooky, creepy, crawly feeling came over me.

"Mama come here quick!" Mama

came again and said "You go to sleep this minute. The idea of keeping me awake."

Again I felt that pull.

"Mama will you come here this minute, I'm not going to sleep in this old haunted room another minute."

I jumped from my bed. In doing so I fell. All of a sudden we heard a terrible smack!

It came from the tick. We tore it open, and to our surprise, out ran our frightened cat.

Lucile Merrill,
B. Y. U., Provo, Utah.



Drawing by Ronald Flamm,
Age 15 Billings, Mont

My Little Brother

I have a little brother,
He's a tiny little boy.
Mother loves him dearly,
For he is mother's joy.

He has a little kitty,
Which he plays with every day,
And we older children

Have named the kitty May.
Genevieve Thomas,
Age 9. Oxford, Idaho.



Age 14

Photo by Myrl Wilde,
Mink Creek, Id.

Beth Jackson's Christmas Present

The day was cold and snowy, but the little street waif had not a place to go. As he walked up and down the street he tried to keep his eyes away from the brilliantly lighted store windows. He knew if he stood and gazed at them, his longing would be greater.

He had walked all day from house to house trying to get work. If they would just let him sweep a walk he could get enough to get him a bun.

He was standing on a street corner hopping from one foot to the other trying to keep warm, when he was hailed by a man in an automobile.

"Can you show me the way to the Brooklyn Bridge?" he asked in a friendly tone.

"Straight ahead three blocks," came the clear reply.

"Have you a home or anyone to look after you?"

"No, sir."

The man smiled. He was thinking of his little girl the night before when she had asked in her prayers for a little brother.

The man looked at the boy again. "How would you like to come with me and be given to a little girl for a Christmas present. I am sure you would make her a sweet little brother."

"Oh, I would just love to," breathed the happy boy.

"Come, jump in then, I will go on my errand—then we will go home."

On the way the little boy told the man his name was Donald Thomas. The man said his was Mr. Jackson.

After about an hour's drive they drove up to a beautiful home. Through the windows shone beautiful Christmas decorations. Out from the house ran a little curly-headed girl.

"Beth, how would you like this little boy for your Christmas present."

"Oh, daddy," was all the merry little girl could say.

Leah Hale,
R. F. D. No. 4, Box 30,
Age 14, Blackfoot, Idaho.

Cheer Up

Forget all your sorrows,

Forget all your pain,

Think of the sunshine

And not of the rain.

Think of the future,

Forget the past,

Think only of gladness,

Let sorrow come last.

Cheer up and be happy,

Don't worry and fret,

Do your best in this world

And your sorrows forget.

Klea Passey,
Age 13, 1471 28th Street,
Ogden, Utah.

A True Story

Two years ago on the twenty-ninth of last November, our home caught on fire at eleven-thirty at night. There were six of us in the house asleep, at the time, and Mama was in bed with a sweet baby boy only fourteen days old.

It was Mama that was awakened first and found out that our home was on fire. There were three upstairs asleep and three down. Papa was out doing some work which the Bishop asked him to do. Mama got out of bed, took the baby, put a quilt around him, called the other members of the family and they all came down stairs but my oldest sister.

When Papa got to us every room was burning. Mama told him that Mae, my oldest sister was still up stairs, and Papa went in the burning building after her. He could not come back the way he went up. He tried three times and could not; so he went to a north window of the house which

my sister had opened before papa got to her.

Papa knew that was his only way to get out of the burning building, so with my sister in his arms they put their heads out of the window to get some fresh air, for they were nearly gone, and then they jumped out on the hard frozen ground.

The doctor said when he got there that my sister could not live over three hours at the most for she was burned so bad, and that Papa would have a hard time if he got all right.

But we do not always know what great work our Heavenly Father can do; for with His great help, and with the doctors, nurses, and a host of other help, my father and sister are strong and well today.

My mother walked in the snow to our neighbor's in her bare feet carrying the baby, with only her under waist and nightgown on, and never even took any hurt.

Ida Jarvis,

Box 92,

Age 14,

Bloomington, Idaho.



Photo by Maurine Ahlstrom,

Age 11

Tropic, Utah



Age 16

Photo by Gwen Prior,
Spanish Fork, Utah

Sorrows of the Snow Man

Once there were some children playing, and it began to snow. Little Fred started to cry because it was snowing, but Betty, who was always doing some one some good, had something in her head, and she yelled as loud as she could:

"Oh, let's make a snow man!"

This brightened up Fred's eyes and heart, and he began to laugh.

"Oh, yes, Betty has suggested something fine," said Tom.

So they all began to make a snowman,—first they made his legs, then body, then, head, then arm's, then eyes, then nose and mouth, and took an old hat and put it on him. He began to laugh. He and the children were having a good time. Then the children went to tell their mothers to come and see what a grand snow man they had made.

While they were gone something happened. Some naughty boys came and were carrying away Mr. Snowman. They were going to kill him. Mr. Snowman said:

"Mercy! have pity, I can only live a little while."

But what did the boys care for that. They just tossed their heads and laughed.

"Ho! Ho! Mercy on a snow man like you."

With that they started to snow ball him. Before they had him all gone he told old Mother Frost never to snow that spring again, and Mother Frost never did.

When the girls and boys came out and saw the snow-man gone they told their mothers. The next winter when it snowed again, the boys and girls were happy, they made another snow man and he was happy once more.

Hortense Bonham,
Route No. 3,
Age 9, Bella, Idaho.

Spring

Of all the seasons of the year
I like the spring the best.
It comes to gladden all our hearts,
And gives Jack Frost a rest.

The flowers gay begin to peep
Their heads above the ground,
The pussy willows are the first
Of all to look around.

The birds return to build their nests,
We love their merry song;
They flit about so merrily,
They are a happy throng.

The springtime brings the grass and
flowers,
The rain and sunshine bright;
It chases all our gloom away,
And fills us with delight.

La Vera Hardy,

Age 11. Box 73,
Raymond, Alberta, Canada.



Drawing by Viola Spading,
235 N. 7th West,
Salt Lake City

Age 14

Tiny

Once there was a little girl whose name was Blanche. She had a little, curly black dog whom she called Tiny, because she was so little.

One day Blanche had not seen Tiny for quite a while. She went out in the back yard and called, "Tiny! Tiny!" and pretty soon the dog appeared in the door of the granary. When she saw Blanche she ran up to her and licked the little girl's hand and pulled her along by her dress. When they got to the granary, Tiny went in and Blanche followed, and what do you suppose she saw?

Why four little, curly black puppies;

all curled up as snug as could be in a soft nest of hay.

Blanche was a very happy little girl as she ran to call her mother and father, to come and see Tiny's cute little puppies.

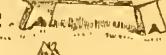
Grace Waylett,
Box 246,
Age 11, Missoula, Montana.

Honorable Mention

Lenore Allen, Hyrum, Utah.
Lloyd Allen, Hyrum, Utah.
Louise Anderson, Shelley, Idaho.
Louise Atkinson, East Garland, Utah.
Vonda Bagley, Koosharem, Utah.
Francis Bruse, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Harold Colvin, Eden, Arizona.
Cynthia Cosby, Pomerene, Arizona.
Otheya Crowther, Aurora, Utah.
Maxine Davis, Provo, Utah.
Gurena DeLange, Koosharem, Utah.
Reva Despain.
Lola Douglas.
Della Elder, Raymond, Alberta, Canada.
Willie Gardner, Deweyville, Utah.
Russel L. Garner, Sugar, Idaho.
Tessa Hansen, Blackfoot, Idaho.
Mae Holfetz, Vernal, Utah.
Margaret Hortin, Wanship, Utah.
Elna Hunter, St. Anthony, Idaho.
Alice Isom, Hurricane, Utah.
Myrtle Iverson, Vernal, Utah.
Audrey Jackson, Provo, Utah.
Alfred A. Johnson, Oakley, Utah.
Stanley Johnson, Huntington, Utah.
Joseph Kirkham, Garland, Utah.
Edith Larsen, Genola, Utah.
Hettie Loynd, Provo, Utah.
Anna Lundburg, Tremonton, Utah.
Erma Manwill, Rupert, Idaho.
Keith Marston, Layton, Utah.
Bessie Meikle, Smithfield, Utah.
Lida Mulliner, Shoshone, Idaho.
Lola Mulliner, Shoshone, Idaho.
Myrtle Mulliner, Shoshone, Idaho.
Milan T. Oldroyd, Glenwood, Utah.
Ada Olsen, Logan, Utah.
Rex Oviatt, Elmo, Utah.
Evain Peterson, Plano, Idaho.
Joseph E. Peterson, Plano, Idaho.
Henry Rasmussen, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Josephine Rentmeister, Juniper, Idaho.
Joseph Rheinhardt, Provo, Utah.
Eliot Smith, Riverdale, Idaho.
Ruth Smith, Marysville, Idaho.
Myrtle Strasser, St. Thomas, Nevada.
Irma Wakefield, Chandler, Arizona.
Irene White, Rockland, Idaho.

PINKY-WINKY STORIES

CLIP, CLAP! went the , and out came a Pinky-Winky Tulip. "The Pinky-Winky , " said Uncle Billy, "was as pink as Pinky's two  or the  on Winky's hair."

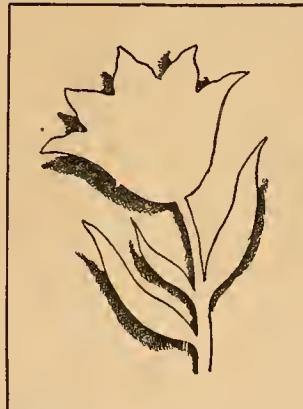
It had a straight green stem and three straight green , and it stood in a fine red  with a whole row of other  on a bench by the side of the , and every day the gardener came with his watering- and gave every  a drink. Now, one by one, all the other tulips were taken away. A lady with a  bought one, and a lady with a  bought another, and a little  bought a third, and so it went, till the Pinky-Winky  stood all alone on the . Then the Pinky-Winky  pouted, as Pinky's and Winky's two  pout, sometimes, when they are cross. 'If I am to be a stay-at-home , ' it said, 'I will shut my leaves up tight, and never open at all!' So the Pinky-Winky  shut its leaves up tight. And a drop of dew, bright as a , knocked at the door



and cried, 'Let me in!' But the tulip would not. And a breeze, soft as a 's wing, knocked at the door and cried, 'Let me in!' But the tulip would not.



And a sunbeam, straight from the golden , knocked at the door and cried, 'Let me in!' But the tulip would not. And last of all, the  came, with a little pale  who had to stay at home when the other children went off to play. 'My little stay-at-home ,' said the gardener, 'here is a stay-at-home flower for you!' And the little girl smiled and kissed the  with her soft . 'Let me in!' she said. And lo and behold, the Pinky-Winky  opened its leaves wide, like this." Snip, snap! went the , and there was the Pinky-Winky tulip opening its leaves wide. "And in went the drop of dew and the butterfly breeze and the golden sunbeam, as gay as you please," said Uncle Billy. "'What a lovely !' said the little stay-at-home . So the Pinky-Winky  and the little  stayed at home together, and were as happy as the day was long!"





Rubbering

First Italian—Oh looka dat bird on da rubber plant!

Second Ditto—Sure; he gutta percha.”
—Lampoon.

A Strong Run

“I played Hamlet once.”
“Indeed! Did you have much of a run?”
“About six miles, as I remember it.”

Tempt not too Far

She—Here's a story of a man who sold his wife for a horse. You wouldn't sell me for a horse, would you, darling?

He—Of course not, dear! But I'd hate to have someone tempt me with a really good motor car!

Fishin' or Niggerin'?

A colored man went out fishing. He got a big catfish, which hauled him overboard. As he crawled back into the boat, he said, philosophically, “What I wanna know is dis. Is dis niggah fishin' or is dis fish niggerin'?”

Yes or No?

Old Darky (to shiftless son)—I hearn you is married. Is you?

Son (ingratiatingly)—I ain't sayin' I ain't.

Old Darky (severely)—I ain't ask you is you ain't; I ask you ain't you is.—American Legion Weekly.

Mistaken Identity

He saw her sitting in the dark corner and knew that his chance had come. Noiselessly he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her.

“How dare you!” she shrieked.

“Pardon me,” she bluffed readily. “I thought you were my sister.”

She stepped out into the light. “You silly fool,” she giggled, “I am.”

He fainted.—Cleveland Leader.

A Nutty Fish

Prof.—What is an oyster?

Stude—An oyster is a fish built like a nut.—Burr.

Proving His Case

He—Wise men are always in doubt. Only idiots are sure of their case.

She—Are you sure of that?

He—Yes; absolutely.

Utility

Lot (to slaves)—Here you! Take this wheelbarrow and shovel and bring along that pillar of salt my wife turned into. We'll use her in the ice cream freezer.—Life.

Composing

Brute—J'ever write the words to a song?

Stupid—No, but I think I could.

Brute—Well, you write the words and we'll go outside and get the air.

Helen is Quite a Girl

Helen: “I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered up your lips.”

Dick: “No, just a piece of grit in my teeth.”

Helen: “For goodness sake, swallow it—You need it!”—Burr.

A Dead Shot

She—I heard you singing in your room this morning.

He—Oh, I sing a little to kill time.

She—You certainly have a good weapon.—Boston Transcript.

One Against the World

“Look, daddy,” said a little six-year old, “I pulled this cornstalk right up all by myself.”

“My, but you are strong!” said his father.

“I guess I am, daddy. The whole world had hold of the other end of it,”—Boston Transcript.

What Shall the Harvest Be?

As spring approaches our farmers are considering what crops to plant. If we could speak to them our most earnest advice would be that they should plant some sugar beets on every farm. This advice is prompted by several considerations, namely:

Sugar beets are a cash crop that carries a positive guaranteed price that cannot be depressed by the production of a bumper beet crop.

For sugar beets there is always a ready market. Farmers can sell them immediately upon harvest, whereas they are often unable to dispose of their other crops.

Used over a period of time in a system of crop rotation sugar beets will double and treble the productive soil on a farm with no increase in acreage, and other crops, following sugar beets, give an increased yield of from 10 per cent to 60 per cent.

**IT WILL BE TO THE ADVANTAGE OF EVERY FARMER TO
PLANT A SUBSTANTIAL ACREAGE OF SUGAR BEETS
THIS YEAR AND EVERY YEAR**

Gray's Superior Clothes For Men and Young Men

For complete satisfaction you will want fit, correct balance, drape and pattern, high grade workmanship and durable all wool fabrics. In Gray's clothes you will find all these backed up by twenty-three years of honest merchandising in your midst.

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